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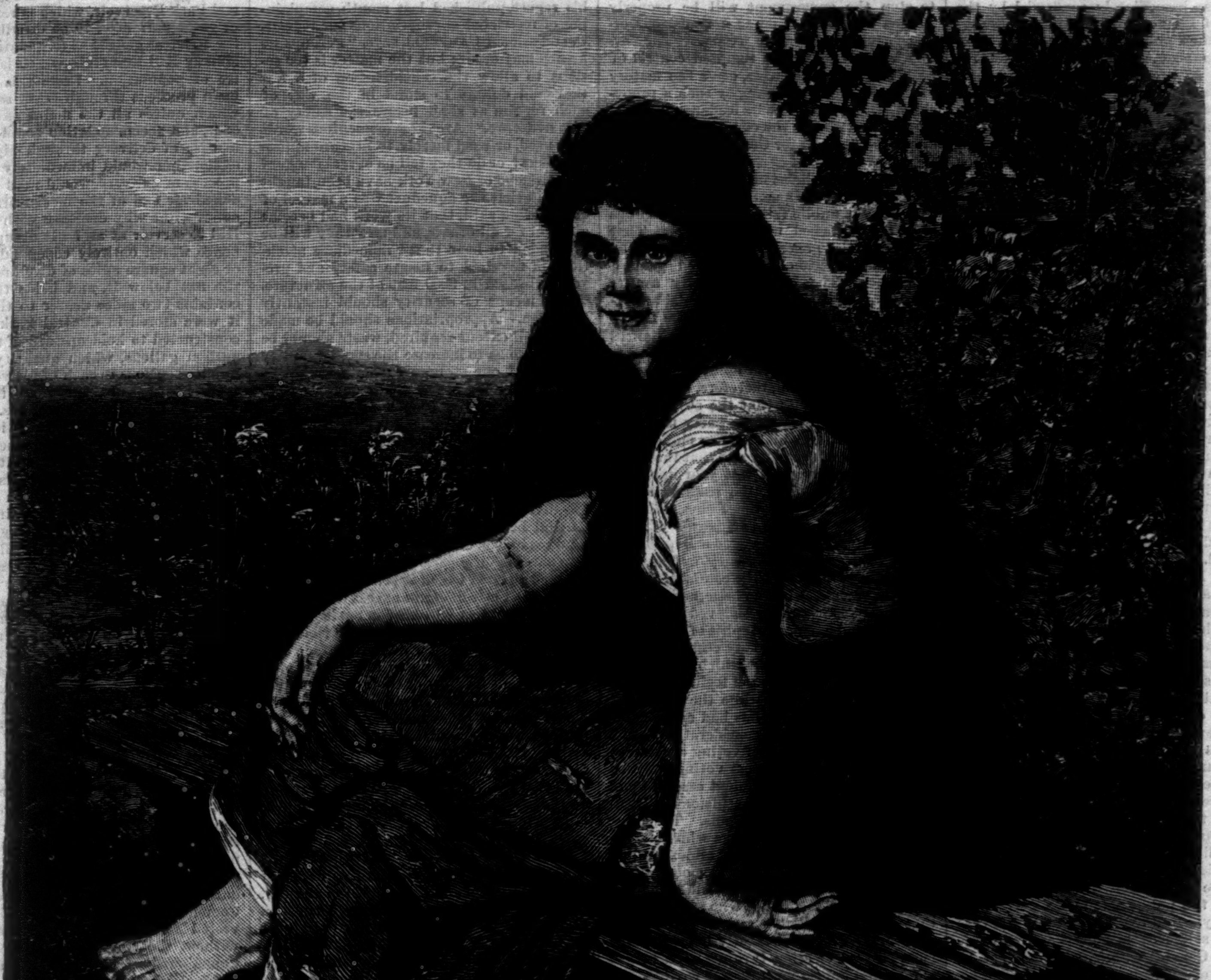

"THE GOOSE-HERD."—From a Painting by G. Wertheimer.

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☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains two spirited engravings of scenes in Afghanistan and Zululand, and a third installment of* "THE DISTRACTED YOUNG PREACHER."

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

PRESIDENTIAL SPECULATIONS.

POLITICAL prospects are obscure because of the absence of the natural line of party division, which is a distinctly defined policy. But the present situation is plain enough. The very general opinion to which we alluded a fortnight ago, that if the Republican Convention were to be held next week, it would nominate General GRANT, was immediately confirmed by the canvass of Republican sentiment throughout the Union published by the *Times*. According to that canvass, indeed, General GRANT is at present the only candidate. The *Times* accompanied the publication with the declaration that he was not its first nor even its second choice, and followed this statement a day or two afterward with a very admirable article upon the significance of the demand for GRANT, which proceeds, in its judgment, from the unreasoning instinct of the party. The tone of the *Times*, which is that of regretful acquiescence in the probable result, is evident also in parts of the report from the various States, and in some of the comments of other papers and public men upon its publication. The present demand for GRANT is due to the feeling that the government itself is threatened. But the first mention of his name was made more than a year ago, and was then due to no such feeling. The most strenuous and persistent advocacy of his nomination did not proceed from the wisest sentiment of the party. It would not have been a commanding suggestion if the course of the opposition had not aroused the apprehension of which we speak—a feeling which has been fostered and intensified by mere party spirit in the press and in Congress. That apprehension is undeniable, however it may be derided. It makes the government itself an issue. Before that issue all questions of details of administration disappear. When the supreme consideration is the maintenance of the government, there are no other politics, and General GRANT, who stands for the successful defense of the Union against rebellion, seems to the public mind to be the logical candidate, as Mr. TILDEN is the candidate of a Democratic cry of "fraud." It is, however, a discouraging situation, because it is the indefinite postponement of progress, and because politics which turn on the maintenance of the government are essentially revolutionary, and permit all kinds of abuses to creep into the state. Besides this, a situation which, against the conservative tradition of two terms only, compels the selection of a soldier as Chief Magistrate to save the government, insidiously tends to accustom the public mind to a permanent Presidency. And this is especially the case when the soldier is an honest and patriotic man like General GRANT, who can not be suspected of any dishonorable design. Who, then, is responsible for the situation, for the revival of the war feeling, for the universal uneasiness, and the conviction that Democratic ascendency means general disturbance of much that the war was thought to have settled, together with violation of the public faith, the alarm of all business and industrial interests, and the practical terrorization of the colored vote in the Southern States, from all of which springs the demand of the old Union sentiment for General GRANT which is reported by the *Times*?

It is due unquestionably to the declarations of leading Democrats, and to the tone of the Democratic Congress. The party caucus, indeed, as we have heretofore shown, has not adopted all these declarations, but it has pursued the policy which they announced. If the caucus had resolved to refuse the appropriations unless the President signed the repeals attached to the bills, the Democratic action in Congress would have been thus far precisely what it has actually been. The party has now to face an alternative by which it is sure to lose. In case of a veto, it must refuse the appropriations or pass them without the repeal. If it refuses them, the country will be so thoroughly aroused and indignant that the Democratic party will be overwhelmed at the polls. If it withdraws the repeal from the bills, the withdrawal will be ascribed universally to the vigorous Republican exposure of the real Democratic purpose, and the prompt response of the country. Thus the Democratic party will be put in the position of having threatened to disorganize the government unless the President would consent to favor free cheating at the polls. But if it should actually proceed to refuse the appropriations, public feeling would be only less intense than when the shot was fired at Sumter eighteen years ago. The military clauses which it is proposed to repeal in the appropriation bill will not be operative until Congress meets again. If they were the worst of "grievances" the wrong is merely theoretical until a general election. Moreover, the national right to keep the peace at national elections is, to say the least, an open constitutional question. The repeal as proposed apparently prohibits either the military or civil power from protecting voters, while it permits armed individuals to terrorize them. There is no pretense that soldiers have ever hindered the free voting of a single citizen, while they have unquestionably protected the free voting of thousands. Now the country is full of intelligent people, and the mere putting of a proposed repeal of such laws in the form of a threat to stop the government will be properly judged by that people as a monstrous offense against the public welfare. The party which signalizes its renewed control of both Houses of Congress, after the history of the last eighteen years, by such a proposition, proceeding from its leaders, naturally startles and alarms the country, and to that alarm the demand for General GRANT's candidacy is due.

But this apprehension is deepened by the disposition of the Democratic party to tamper with the public faith. Resumption has been accomplished under the law. That fact, with the general financial course of the Administration, has restored general confidence. The country eagerly awaits the fuller industrial and commercial activity which begins to revive. It is the Democratic party, again, with rag-money alliances at the West and in Congress, which exasperates and disgusts public opinion. Out of the general confusion, therefore, two things begin to be evident: that the stupid management of the Democratic party is giving it for its platform in 1880 rag money and free cheating at the polls, and that the great Republican victories of last year upon the sound-money platform, the resumption of specie payments, and the Democratic attempts to destroy the safeguards of honest voting, assure at least two Republican planks for 1880—honest money, and an honest ballot. It is because the conduct of Democrats has made the last an issue, and because the impulse is popularly believed to be that of the old and unchanged spirit of the rebellion of 1861, seeking at every cost to recover control of the government which it could not destroy, that the old Union feeling turns to General GRANT. Meanwhile the debate of the appropriation bills has had another effect which is worthy of consideration. The laws for the protection of voting are so perfectly inoffensive, if honest voting only be contemplated, that the violent assault upon them has awakened the suspicions of Democrats as well as of Republicans. They, too, are beginning to see that the wholesale repeal is in the interest of bulldozing and cheating. There are many Democrats who have thought that the cry of bulldozing was a mere Republican dodge, who now perceive that it is a fact. There are many more Democrats who are honestly honest-money men. In an election turning upon honest money and honest voting, they would stand by their principles. From every point of view, therefore, the Democratic tactics have been a huge blunder. They have given General GRANT his prominence as a candidate by concentrating public attention not upon measures of administration, but upon the welfare of the government. They have given the Republicans two of the most popular cries, and aroused that deep and strong feeling of patriotism which will be always exceedingly powerful with this generation. They have shown conclusively in doing this their total unfitness to control the government, for they have compelled the country to look backward instead of forward.

OUR MEANS FOR SUPPLYING WATER.

IT is said that in order to furnish Great Britain with food, three or four hundred vessels daily enter her ports, proceeding from the Continent and all parts of the civilized world. In the United States, however, the vessels which bring food bring also articles of luxury, and while there is always some anxiety in London about the sufficiency of the supplies, our anxiety is the reverse of this, and arises from the difficulty of disposing of our great surplus. For supplying water, however, London has numerous aqueducts, powerful Artesian wells, and the Thames, so that the city is absolutely free from danger of a want of water, while New York has no Artesian wells (the geological conditions being unsuitable), no fresh-water river, and but one aqueduct; and it is on this single thread, weakened with excessive strains, that interests depend transcending in importance all others connected with the municipality. Should the aqueduct break in a portion of the 19,000 feet of it which it is officially said "need strengthening," or in the 9000 feet of that which "need immediate attention," the most serious consequences would follow. In four or five days the supply now on hand would, at the present rate of consumption of what is stored at the reservoirs in the city, become exhausted, and unparalleled confusion would ensue, paralyzing the trade and commerce of the city. How would the thousand engines under and above ground be supplied? How could we extinguish fires? Whence would the water come for dray and carriage horses? How fill our tea-kettles? How get it to drink? Thousands of families would be obliged to leave the city, and surrender their property to pillage and destruction. Let us hope that no such calamity is in store for us. In his report, published last month, complaining of restricted appropriations for repairs, Commissioner CAMPBELL says, "Perhaps no breach may occur; but the matter is too serious to allow the consideration of a few thousand dollars to stand in the way of such repairs as shall insure the safety of this structure." Are these momentous words idly used, or used merely to procure appropriations? or do they tell us of real danger? The citizens of New York have been taught to think that the aqueduct was a marvel of engineering skill, that its work had become a model for all others, and now they will be astounded to hear that "immediate attention" is required to insure safety and prevent a breach in 9000 feet of the structure. Every means of security should instantly be taken. Appropriations should be made to the full extent required, waste should be arrested so as to increase the small quantity stored, and our storage capacity should be augmented; for a great city ought not to have its prosperity suspended on a week's supply of water. The head in the great Park Reservoir is only about twenty-two feet in one division, instead of thirty-six, and less in the other division; and that in the old Park Reservoir only about twelve in one division, and less in the other, inasmuch as that branch of the aqueduct which terminates in it is closed for repairs occasioned by fractures of a serious nature in the two six-foot pipes of which it is improperly composed, their size being in excess of what the strain upon them will bear in made ground. These pipes were substituted for that portion of the aqueduct which stood for years on arches of masonry, and in the first year of their use thirty-six of them were broken, and a large district below was flooded. The doubt of these pipes and their present disuse cause some apprehension as to the remaining branch of the aqueduct, the one discharging into the large Park Reservoir, part of which is of masonry in the shape of an inverted arch, and is subjected to double duty while the other branch is being repaired.

But although the situation at these points is far from being comfortable, it does not constitute the chief occasion of the anxiety, which arises from the cracks and leaks in those portions of the aqueduct built over streams and ravines extending between four and five miles in the whole, and standing on a rubble wall foundation, that is to say, laid without mortar. Of this quantity 3090 lineal feet have been improved, and many cracks and leaks stopped; the residue—say 19,000 feet—being that already mentioned as requiring to be strengthened, 9000 of it immediately. The error of construction in the portions of the aqueduct built in this manner—for a great error it was—is due to a change of plan, by which a narrow foundation of such rubble wall of from ten to forty feet in height, but very little wider than the aqueduct which rests on it, was substituted for the foundation proposed of more than double its width. It was erroneously supposed that a foot in depth of concrete over the foundation forming the grade bed of the aqueduct would enable the engineer to dispense with greater width of foundation. There was the further error that in all the various lines of embankment thus constructed there was no drain to relieve the embankment itself in case of cracks in the conduit, by which water would pass through the structure to the earth, and hence when such leaks occur, the earth below becomes so saturated as to widen the cracks and lead to the danger to which Commissioner CAMPBELL calls attention. There was also the further error that the side walls, to keep in place the slight ring of masonry of which the aqueduct is composed, and prevent its giving way from the strain of water pressure, were neither so high nor so strong as those originally proposed, and hence in that portion of the ring which is higher than its adjacent side walls cracks occur when the aqueduct is nearly full, which make a flow equal to its entire capacity very dangerous. Modern opinion with respect to what is required as a foundation for the rigid structure of solid masonry of an aqueduct is settled upon this point, that the foundation itself should be of a like solid character, experience having shown that a wall of stone uncompacted with mortar is too liable to spread to admit of erecting upon it a heavy and solid load. The repairs already made on the portions of the Croton Aqueduct thus subject to rupture in effect confirm the original engineering views as to what the work should have been originally, and condemn the change so unfortunately made.

In view of this condition of affairs, which ought to secure attention, it would seem to be madness to diminish our storage capacity in the city by removing the reservoir on Murray Hill, even supposing that if the aqueduct were in perfect order this reservoir were unnecessary, for, should a serious break occur, what water there is in the Central Park Reservoir, which is remote, would in great part need to be distributed under the strictest guards as to quantity from the Murray Hill Reservoir, which is in the centre of population. From this reservoir a main proceeds through Forty-second Street which unites all the mains east and west of it, and accommodation could be afforded in case of delivery through pipes; but as exhaustion would immediately ensue, that process of delivery would need to be abandoned for one of the most restricted character. But why dispense with the Murray Hill Reservoir at all? It occupies an eminence which entirely commands the seven or eight square miles of dwelling-houses on the flat below it, and holds the water it contains two miles nearer to them than if it were stored in Central Park; and it is constructed to hold upward of twenty-four million gallons, which quantity gives five hundred gallons to each of forty-eight thousand houses—not far from the number which the reservoir dominates. Its great service to many houses below it is that as the reservoir gains at night, when the drawing is at its minimum, all that it loses in the day, when the drawing is at its maximum, it is ready in the morning with its accumulated stores to press the water into contiguous houses perhaps a story higher than it would otherwise reach, thus filling water-closet tanks, and permitting the use of basins which otherwise could not be filled—a service which makes far less important the lower elevation at which it subsequently distributes fifteen or twenty million gallons. The quantity thus gained in the night is estimated by Mr. CAMPBELL at only two million gallons—a very moderate estimate. But if no more is pressed into upper stories, it is fifty gallons for each of forty thousand houses—a good early morning's supply. The chief purpose of taking down the reservoir is that a park may be constructed in its place, and a bill for this purpose has been introduced into the Assembly at Albany requiring its positive removal under proceedings to commence in ninety days from the passage of the bill. The act has been introduced without the request of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty, in whom the title has been vested for more than a hundred years; without the consent of the Sinking Fund Commissioners, to whom the proceeds of all our real estate are pledged for part of the city debt; and without a petition from a single citizen. Now, inasmuch as it can be taken down at any time, but can not easily be restored, there ought to be a remonstrance of no uncertain tenor uttered by the whole city of New York against the removal, until at least there is some general expression of desire for it from those most interested.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE pending debate in the Senate began on the day on which, fourteen years ago, ABRAHAM LINCOLN was murdered. It was natural that Mr. BLAINE should have recalled the anniversary, and have figured the finger of the dead man pointing scorn at those who seek to undo, so far as possible, the great work of the war. In the evening, in New York, WALT WHITMAN read a discourse upon the death of the President, and recited his poem, "My Captain," one of the most striking and touching of all the memorial poems of that time. The next morning the news was telegraphed from Paris that it was proposed to change the names of two streets in that city to WASHINGTON and LINCOLN. The two names will be always associated in the gratitude and reverence of this country and of mankind. It was one of the coincidences which in older times would have persuaded us that we were especially a divinely chosen people, that WASHINGTON was the leader of our war of independence, and LINCOLN of our war of union. They were both the representatives of a great national feeling. They were both identified with great historic events. They had both a personality very different in kind, but exceedingly dear to the popular imagination and heart. They were both, also, peculiarly the representatives of the old and the new America. In Washington's day the English traditions were in many ways supreme. Even our resistance was English, and Washington embodied the English feeling in America. The America of Lincoln's day was very different. The English tradition was gone. The American type was beyond the Alleghanies, and Abraham Lincoln was its perfect representative. His simplicity and sagacity and humor, the depth and pathetic sincerity of his faith in American principles, the poetry and melancholy of his nature, his supreme good sense—all these we fondly call American, and these were peculiarly Lincoln.

Mr. Whitman—if we may speak in the usual way of one who is universally known as Walt Whitman—read a paper of personal reminiscence: not of analysis of genius or character. He described the spectacle, which so many remember, of Lincoln's first passage through New York, and the scene of the murder in the Washington theatre. The three New York scenes, indeed, might well be contrasted: that of the journey from Springfield, when, as we saw him passing the New York Hotel, "then a nest of secession," the silence seemed a deadly threat; that of the morning when the murder was known, and all social conventions vanished, every man speaking in the hushed and excited street to every other, as if a day of doom had come; and that of the funeral, when this half-foreign city was exalted by a single overwhelming American sentiment. Mr. Whitman's vivid touches renew with terrible truth the fatal scene in Washington. He wrote a memorandum at the time, which he has frequently revised, and which he read to his audence. It is very graphic, as it depicts the wild whirring tumult of the theatre around the peaceful form from which the life-blood was oozing.

It is a good time to recall those days and their leader, to remember the heroes who so gladly followed him, the brave and beautiful youth who gave their lives for us. The day of their especial remembrance is near—Decoration-day; and we may be very sure that there will be a fresher consecration of all true and patriotic hearts to the cause for which these devoted brothers of ours died. The war of the Union was a war, as it proved, for the equal rights of all innocent Americans before the law. Whatever was diplomatically said, we all knew that it was a war brought on by slavery to maintain and extend itself. We all knew that the convulsion would be futile unless the root of the disease was cut out. Abraham Lincoln cut it out. His hand and his heart were strong with the strength of a national love of justice, which had been very, very slowly aroused, but which, once awake, gave to the cause life and all that makes life dear. Neither the vast sacrifice nor the great result of the war is forgotten. The "Union" heart is as true as ever. That "loyalty" to the country which was bitterly derided, and that fidelity to liberty under law which is America, are imperishably fresh and fair. They scorn sectional jealousy and mere party hate. They stand always ready to co-operate with every honest and generous effort to plant in the Southern States that real liberty of opinion and expression which is the peace and security of this part of the country. But they do not shrink nor surrender. Fair laws, constitutionally and honestly securing equal rights—that was the meaning of the war of which Abraham Lincoln was the last great martyr, and that is the purpose of those who revere his memory.

THE DEBATE AND THE VETO.

While the thunders of eloquence resound in Washington, and the most fiery partisan appeals are made on all sides, "good Americans" will watch carefully the essential question involved in the debate. It is conceded by every body that it is not revolutionary to place a rider on an appropriation bill. Such a rider, also, is not in itself a threat. The substance of the rider is alone to be considered by the President, and his decision must be based upon its merits. He is not bound to veto the Military Appropriation Bill if he sees no objection to the repeal proposed. But if he does see objection, he will, of course, veto it. Some Democratic papers, perhaps foreseeing the dilemma in which their party in Congress may presently be involved, cite very emphatically President Johnson's signing under protest appropriation bills with riders that he did not approve. They evidently wish to show to President Hayes that this would be a saving precedent for his action if he disapproved the present form of the bills. But President Johnson knew very well that his veto would not stay the passage of the Army Bill of 1867, while the veto of President Hayes would compel the Democratic party in Congress either to recede or to stop the government. We assume that there is no doubt of a veto if the President disapproves the form of the repeal, and no doubt of a signature if the repeal seems to him proper and desirable.

So far as the President is concerned, it is an ordinary piece of legislation. Democratic Senators and Representatives, indeed, have taken purely revolutionary ground. Messrs. Beck and Thurman and Blackburn have declared for a course which would bring the government to an end by a practical usurpation on the part of the legislative branch. This we have heretofore shown. But these declarations are not reasons for a veto of a bill which the President may approve, and which is constitutionally presented to him. If a Representative should say in debate upon a bill which the President cordially favored that if he did not sign it he believed Congress would stay to the end of its term rather than appropriate money to pay his salary, the Representative would make himself as ridiculous as Mr. Blackburn in the present debate; but his "gag" would not be a valid reason for a veto. The duty of the President under the Constitution is to return a bill which he disapproves, "with his objections, to that House in which it shall have originated." What kind of an "objection" or ground of disapproval of an enactment is it that some member in discussing it declared that he hoped Congress would stop the government if the Executive approval was not given? It would be a very significant indication of the spirit of the member, and very probably of his party. It would certainly arouse and alarm the country that such things should be seriously said in debate. It would be an emphatic summons to every intelligent and patriotic voter to prevent the accession of such a party to power. But it would not be a reason for vetoing a proper bill.

Again, if the principle of national supervision of national elections is wrong, it is no argument against the repeal of the military clause that there are not many soldiers in any State, and that practically they can not coerce or menace voters. If they ought not to do it and can not do it, what harm is there in saying that they shall not do it? The plea, in a familiar anecdote, that it was "a very small one," was not sufficient. The ground upon which the military clause is to be defended, if at all, is that the national authority may properly protect a national election, and may rightfully use all necessary force to that end. But if that be the true ground, it is mere nonsense to say that the clause ought not to be repealed because there are not soldiers enough to enforce it. On the other hand, however, the fewness of the troops is a perfectly valid and cogent argument against the factitious haste and the ridiculous cry of "grievance" and "bayonet at the polls," and the disturbance and expense of an extra session, to attempt the repeal of a law which, at most, is only theoretically wrong, which is not operative until after the next regular session, and which, when it is operative, can not harm and has not harmed a single honest voter. This is all true; but if the President is of opinion that peace at the polls should be maintained at a national election solely by the State authority, he can not urge, as his objection to signing a bill which secures that result, that it was passed at an extra session which should not have been made necessary, that there are very few soldiers in the Southern States, and that the wrong is wholly theoretical. There are two valid grounds for a veto: one, that national supervision is desirable, and ought to be maintained; the other, that the repeal as proposed removes every proper defense of the polls. If such should be the opinion of the President, he will unquestionably veto the bills as offered to him. But if they are not his views, he will probably not oppose the repeal of legislation that he thinks ought to be repealed, because there is fear that repeal of much that ought to stand will be attempted.

THE CASE OF GENERAL PORTER.

The case of General Fitz-John Porter ought not to be made political or partisan. It is always possible during the fury of a civil war to do great wrong in the most honest way and with the best intentions, and General Porter was condemned at a moment when passions were very hot, and when public opinion undoubtedly desired a conspicuous victim. We have forborne comment upon the case, because no one was entitled to express a positive opinion who had not carefully studied and mastered the evidence. There was no reason that we knew to question the ability and sincerity of the original tribunal that convicted, although a judgment under such circumstances, however sincere, need not necessarily be accepted as conclusive, and General Porter's constant and earnest prayer that the case might be re-opened made a presumption in his favor, because, if guilty, he was really soliciting a cool, deliberate, and damning confirmation of infamy. He knew that the revising tribunal would be composed of officers profoundly loyal to the cause that he was virtually accused of having betrayed, and that there was great popular jealousy of reversing any military decision of the war, as somehow reflecting upon the intelligence with which it was conducted, and confessing a heated and partial action. Presidents Lincoln and Johnson and Grant had all refused to allow a reconsideration, and each refusal was an added confirmation of the probable justice of the original judgment. But General Porter still urged, and at length President Hayes authorized the inquiry whether there really were good reasons for questioning the verdict which for sixteen years has branded the general as a traitor.

The board of inquiry was composed of Generals Schofield, Terry, and Getty, of the regular army, and there are not three more patriotic, honorable, and able officers. With the utmost care and patience they have heard and weighed the evidence and the arguments. The case of General Porter was managed by Mr. Joseph H. Choate, a master of his profession and a man who could have had no prepossessions for the general. Slowly and thoroughly and with perfect skill the evidence was elicited and sifted. Mr. Choate's plea is a monument of professional ability and of honorable sympathy, and after the fullest and fairest hearing the board has declared that the judgment of the court which convicted General Porter was founded upon *ex parte* testimony which has been proved beyond question to be incorrect; and that on the very day when the fatal treachery was charged to have been committed, his conduct was "obedient, subordinate, faithful, and judicious: it saved the Union army from disaster on the 29th of August." This is the judgment of men whom the patriotic country trusts perfectly, trusts not less than those who composed the original court, and that certainly is saying all. Who is it that has a right to question their verdict if he has not earnestly studied the case, or because he thinks that the first court would not have misjudged? Intentionally they would not; but they would themselves doubtless acknowledge that the conditions are now infinitely more favorable to a just decision.

On what ground is this to be made a partisan matter? It is reported that Republicans in Congress intend to oppose General Porter's restoration to the army and the arrears of his pay. We trust that this is a Democratic slander. If there are to be courts at all, and revisions of judgment—and without them we are in chaos—their judgments are to be respected and made effective. Does not the country owe even restitution to a citizen who for more than half a generation is declared by the most unimpeachable and trusted authority to have suffered an intolerable wrong, with all its consequent disgrace? We have no acquaintance with General Porter, nor other knowledge of his case than that which every body may have. But it is plain that a great injustice has been unwittingly done, and all good citizens will earnestly advocate all practicable reparation. If the judgment of the board of revision is to be revised by a political party, and passions are to be inflamed, and the war to be fought over again in the case of General Porter, his fate is doubly hard. But, however this may be, all honest citizens who do not allow party leaders to make their opinions for them will abide by the decision of honorable and impartial men who have especially investigated the subject, without fear and without favor, and who have announced that, instead of betraying, General Porter "saved the Union army from disaster on the 29th of August."

PERSONAL.

With a view of keeping himself before the people, Thomas Fitch, formerly of Utah, and late the Speaker of the Arizona House of Representatives, is about to appear as Richelieu, at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco.

—Charles Oliver Brewster Brockway was thus christened out of gratitude to Dr. Charles Oliver Brewster, who run him safely through a sickness. The young man went into court in Chicago the other day, and complained that this "concatenated name can not be spoken without great labor of speech and great use of time, nor can it be written without uncommon knowledge and skill in English literature." So the court, being agreeable, allowed him to saw off the Brockway, especially as there is considerable Brockway in that propinquity.

—The Duke of Argyll is expected to be in Canada in a few days on a visit to his son, the Governor-General of the Dominion. As the duke has lately suffered a severe family affliction by the death of his wife, and is himself an invalid, he has expressed, in a letter to a friend, a desire to maintain a strict privacy while in the United States.

—M. Arsène Houssaye, one of the spiciest of French writers, is about to prepare his memoirs. Few men in France have had his peculiar experience with the home and professional life of literary and political men, actors, actresses, and those whose names are most frequently before the public as amusers or instructors of the French people. He is not a person of the highest social position, but he is so agreeable, clever, and witty that his society has been widely courted by celebrities of all sorts. He is a lively gentleman of sixty-four, and has sipped of every pleasure known to the French capital.

—Signor Campanini, who has just departed for Europe, is not only one of the best, but one of the most industrious and thrifty of tenors. During the recent operatic season in this city he sang on eighty-two occasions. In conversing with a friend just before he sailed, he remarked that his rule was to save and invest at least $1000 per month of his salary. This he invests exclusively in United States government stocks or British consols. He has $70,000 thus invested. Said he to a friend: "This" (putting his hand to his throat) "will not last always; and while it is good, I must make it earn enough to support me comfortably when it fails. With $10,000 a year, which I hope to have before long, I can live elegantly in Italy. In London or New York I could not do it as I would like." Signor Foli, our Irish friend and basso, is also a good business man. He has not saved quite as much as Campanini, but is thrifty and careful, investing his earnings in governments and consols, and preparing for the down grade, which all must descend, musical or unmusical, provided they live long enough.

—The Pope is becoming hateful to certain home residents in the Vatican. He has been looking into his chamber and culinary departments, and found that by discharging two-thirds of his servants, which he has done, he can live just as comfortably—indeed, more so—than he did with the little army of experienced sinecurists which he found in occupation and has pretermitted.

—General Richard Taylor, who died in this city a few days since, was one of the best generals in the Confederate army during the late war. He was also a fine scholar, and a brilliant man in society—high-toned, graceful, witty, with a rare power of adapting himself to the circumstances and company of the moment. To men of a younger generation he was particularly charming. When the faster members of the Prince of Wales's set would meet at the Marlborough, he would discuss coaches with Lord Carington, cock-pheasants with Lord Aylesford, and the latest horse-race with Lord Charles Beresford. In the Park, with the Princess and children, his manner was redolent of antique chivalry. At the Turf Club he would arrange handicaps with Admiral Rous, and help Lord Rosebery make his book for the Newmarket meeting. At the Athenæum he would cross literary swords with Sir Charles Dilke, and at the United Service would discuss military tactics with Sir Garnet Wolseley and Lord Napier of Magdala. Nothing came ámiss to him. George Otto Trevelyan, nephew of Lord Macaulay, read his articles in the *North American Review*, and said there was in him the stuff of a great military writer. Statesmen listened with delight to his dissertations on the American Constitution. Von Moltke himself gave in his honor the dinner at which he met Prince Bismarck. Every where he spread about him the charm of his personality, and nothing distinguished him from the crowd of *raconteurs* more than this, that his conversation was never forced or out of place, never labored or prepared beforehand, welling up naturally from the stores of a naturally rich mind.

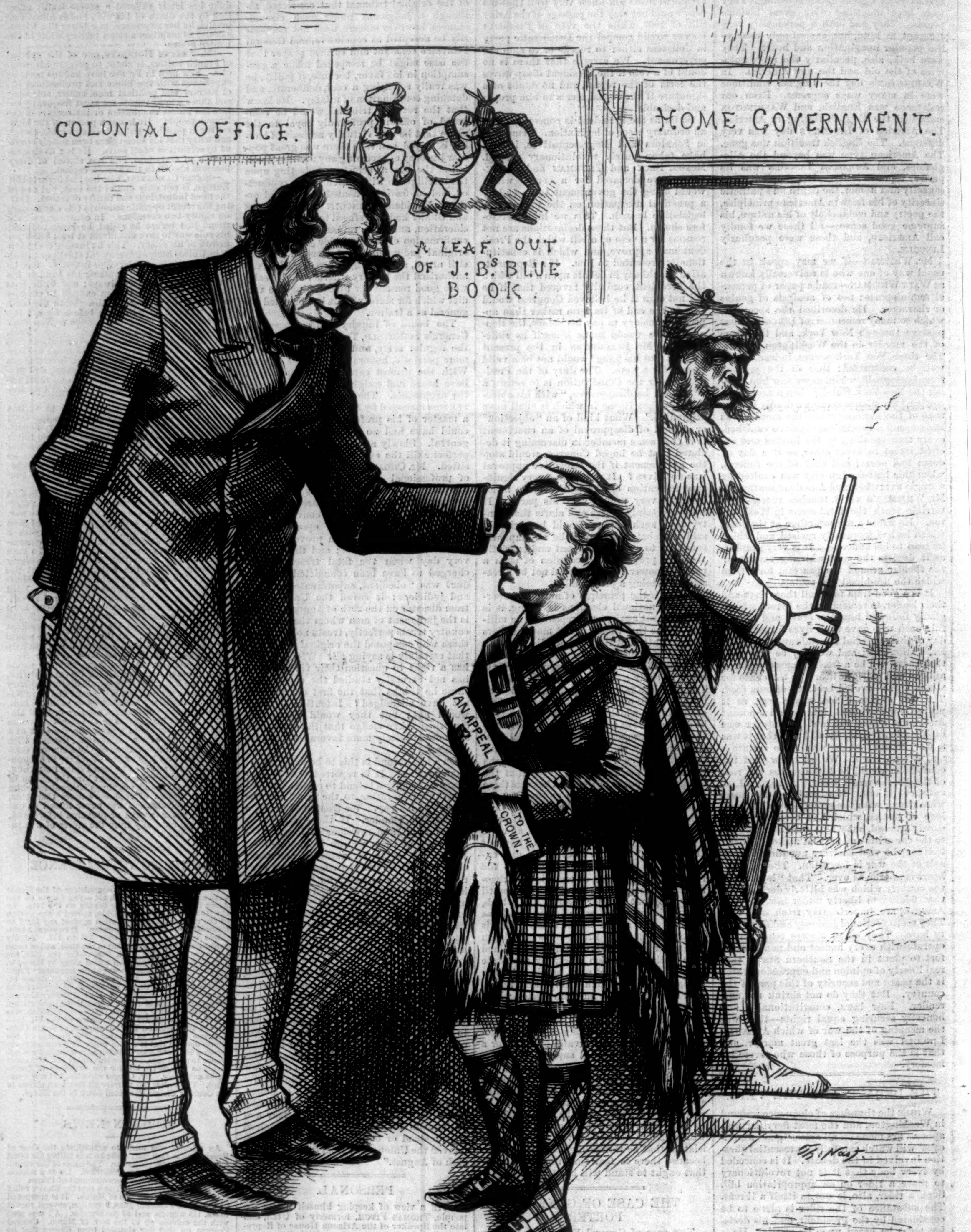
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The standing committees of the House were announced on the 11th ult.—The debate on the Army Bill was begun in the Senate on the 14th. In the House, Mr. Monroe, of Ohio, moved a suspension of the rules to pass a resolution against any tariff or financial legislation at this session. It required a two-thirds vote, but received only 106 to 117. Twenty hard-money men were absent at the time, and of these ten were from New York State.—On the 15th, the Vice-President having been called away by illness in his family, Mr. Thurman was chosen temporary President of the Senate. In the House, Mr. Chalmers offered a resolution that a committee be appointed to investigate his conduct at Fort Pillow. General Bragg's amendment to the Legislative Appropriation Bill, abolishing the Southern Claims Commission, was rejected by the House in Committee of the Whole.—On the 16th, General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, was sworn in as Senator. The Speaker of the House decided that it was in order for a committee to report a bill upon a petition without waiting for a reference to the House. Under this ruling Mr. Alexander Stephens reported a bill for the exchange of greenbacks and silver. Mr. Conger objected, but was overruled. The Potter bill to refer all Southern claims to the Court of Claims was voted down in the House.

FOREIGN NEWS.

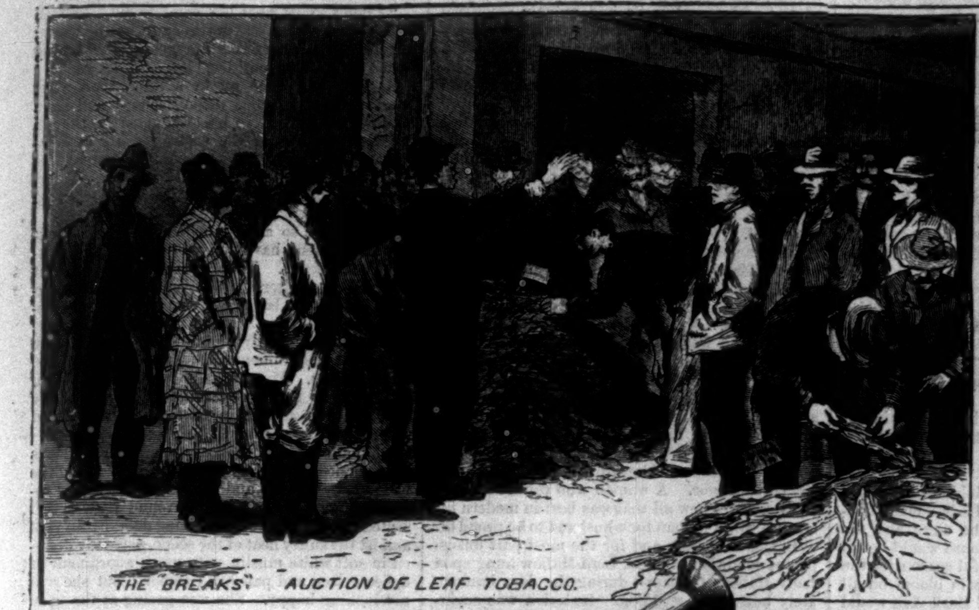
An attempt was made to assassinate the Czar of Russia on the 14th ult., while he was taking his usual morning walk near the palace. The name of the would-be murderer is Alexander Solovieff. He is a schoolmaster of Toropetz, in the government of Pskov.

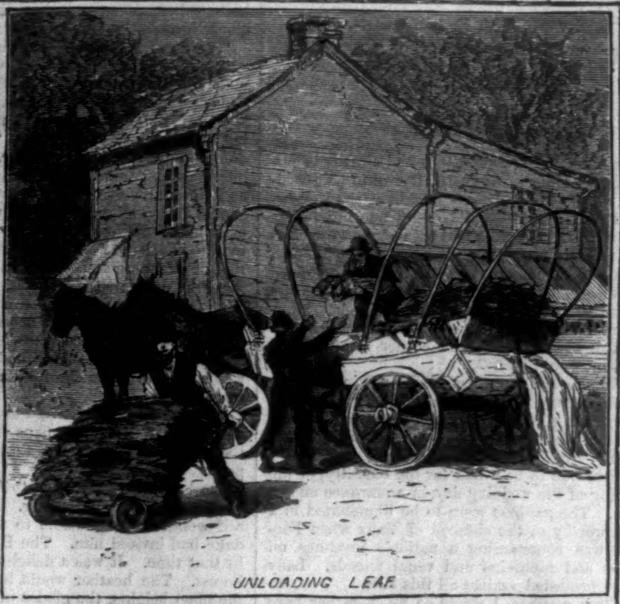
It is reported from Cape Town that the Ekowe relief column started on the 28th of March. It is composed of 6000 men, 2 Gatling guns, 2 cannon, several rocket tubes, 113 wagons, and 56 pack-mules. All was well with the column up to the 30th of March. Colonel Pearson on that day signaled from Ekowe that he could see the head of the column intrenching on the Amatudala River. Colonel Pearson signaled on the 27th of March that 150 of his garrison were ill and 50 wounded; and that only 500 of his men would be able to assist the relieving column, for which 35,000 Zulus were lying in wait.—Colonel Wood attacked Umbelini's stronghold on the 28th of March, and captured a quantity of cattle. Subsequently 20,000 Zulus retook the cattle, and on the 29th attacked Colonel Wood's camp. The Zulus were repulsed after four hours' fighting, but the British loss was heavy. Seven officers and seventy men were killed.—There was fighting in Basutoland on the 21st and 23d of March. A son and two grandsons of Moirosi and eighty Basutos were killed, and a number of cattle and horses captured. The British loss was insignificant.—The Boers at their meeting almost unanimously decided to never rest satisfied with less than their independence. It is thought they will adopt a course of passive resistance.

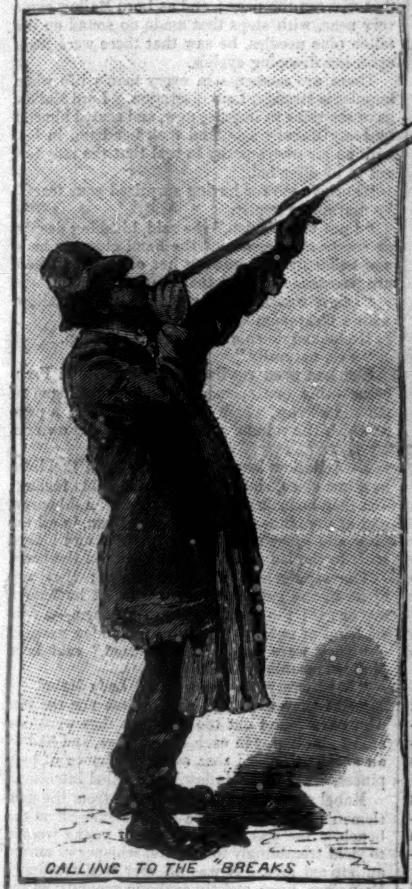

COLONIAL OFFICE.
A LEAF OUT OF J. B.'s BLUE BOOK.
HOME GOVERNMENT.
AN APPEAL TO THE CROWN.
Th. Nast

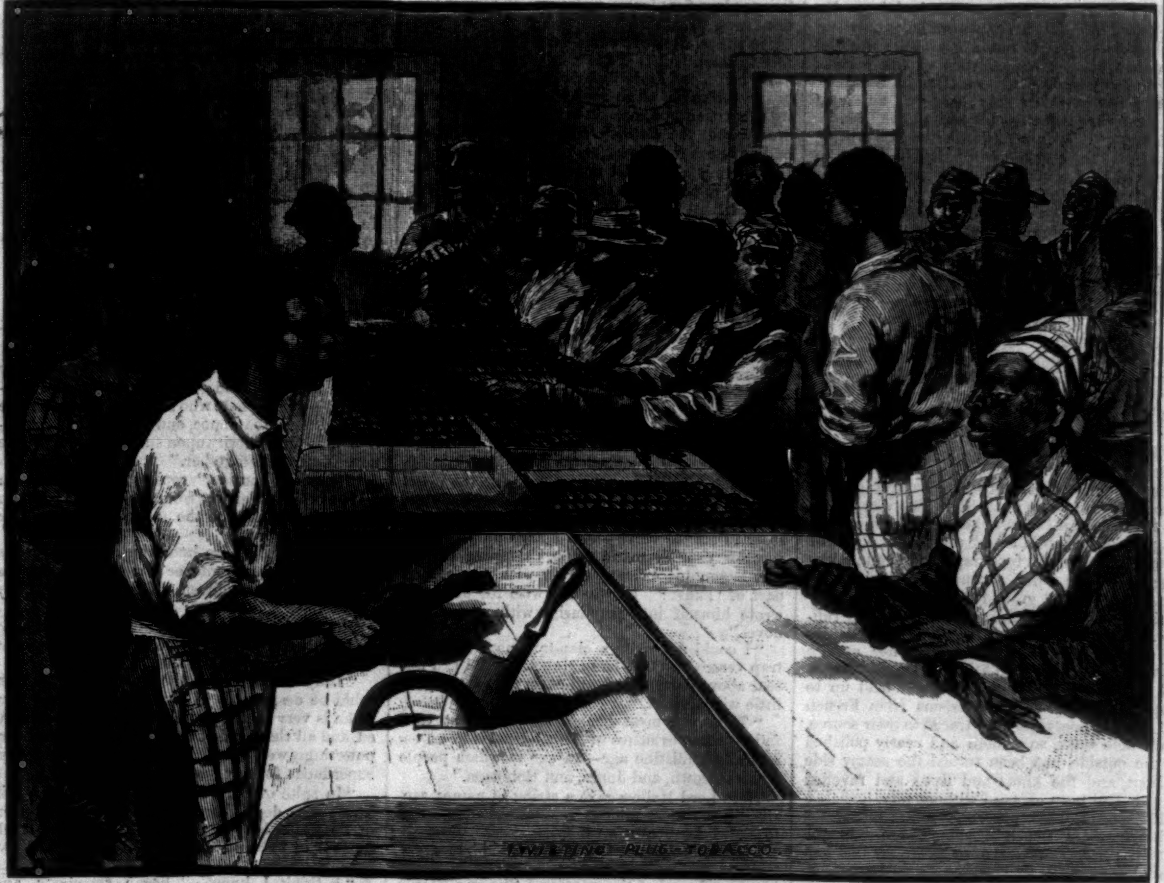
CANADA'S REAL HOME RULE.

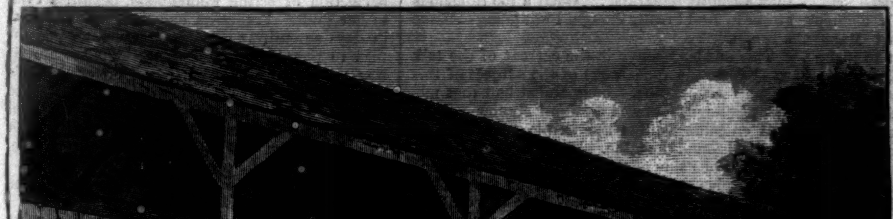
BEACONSFIELD (*to Lorne*). "Good boy, not to act on your own responsibility, but to come and ask your mamma first. But we are rather too busy just now with civilizing colonial savages."

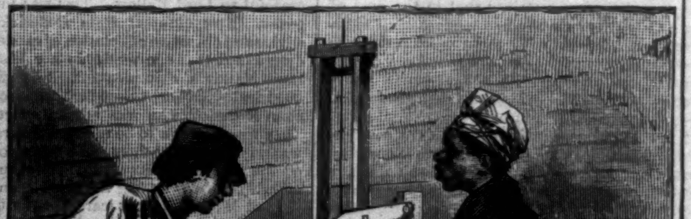

THE "BREAKS." AUCTION OF LEAF TOBACCO.


UNLOADING LEAF.


CALLING TO THE "BREAKS."


TWISTING PLUG-TOBACCO.


TOBACCO WAGONS AND MARKET.


PRESSING BALES. SMOKING—TOBACCO.

A TOBACCO MART IN LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.—From Sketches by F. H. Taylor.—[See Page 347.]

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1187.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A FOOL'S PARADISE.

AT Ashbourne preparations had already begun for the wedding in August. It was to be a wedding worthy a duke's only daughter, the well-beloved and cherished child of an adoring father and mother. Kinsfolk and old friends were coming from far and wide to assist at the ceremony, for whom temporary rooms were to be arranged in all manner of places. The duchess's exquisite dairy was to be transformed into a bachelor dormitory. Lodges and gamekeepers' cottages were utilized. Every nook and corner in the ducal mansion would be full.

"Why not rig up a few hammocks in the nearest pine plantation?" Rorie asked, laughing, when he heard of all these doings. "One couldn't have a better place to sleep in on a sultry summer night."

There was to be a ball for the tenantry, in the evening of the wedding day, in a marquee on the lawn. The gardens were to be illuminated in a style worthy of the château of Vaux when Fouquet was squandering a nation's revenues on lamps and fountains and venal friends. Lady Mabel protested against all this fuss.

"Dear mamma, I would so much rather have been married quietly!" she said.

"My dearest, it is all your papa's doing. He is so proud of you. And then we have only one daughter; and she is not likely to be married more than once, I hope. Why should we not have all our friends round us at such a time?"

Mabel shrugged her shoulders, with an air of repugnance to all the friends and all the fuss.

"Marriage is such a solemn act of one's life," she said. "It seems dreadful that it should be performed in the midst of a gaping, indifferent crowd."

"My love, there will not be a creature present who can feel indifferent about your welfare," protested the devoted mother. "If our dear Roderick had been a more distinguished person, your papa would have had you married in Westminster Abbey. There, of course, there would have been a crowd of idle spectators."

"Poor Roderick!" sighed Mabel. "It is a pity he is so utterly aimless. He might have made a career for himself by this time, if he had chosen."

"He will do something by-and-by, I dare say," said the duchess, excusingly. "You will be able to mould him as you like, pet."

"I have not found him particularly malleable hitherto," said Mabel.

The bride elect was out of spirits, and inclined to look despondently upon life. She was suffering the bitter pain of disappointed hopes. "The Tragedy of a Skeptic Soul," despite its depth of thought, its exquisite typography, and vellum-like paper, had been a dire and irredeemable failure. The reviewers had ground the poor little aristocratic butterfly to powder upon the wheel of ridicule. They had anatomized Lady Mabel's involved sentences, and laughed at her erudite phrases. Her mild adaptations of Greek thought and fancy had been found out, and held up to contempt. Her petty plagiarisms from French and German poets had been traced to their source. The whole work, so smooth and neatly polished on the outside, had been turned the seamy side without, and the knots and flaws and ravelled threads had been exposed without pity.

Happily the book was anonymous: but Mabel writhed under the criticism. There was the crushing disappointment of expectations that had soared high as the topmost throne on Parnassus. She had a long way to descend. And then there was the sickening certainty that in the eyes of her own small circle she had made herself ridiculous. Her mother took those cruel reviews to heart, and wept over them. The duke, a coarse-minded man at best, with a soul hardly above guano and chemical composts, laughed aloud at his poor little girl's failure.

"It's a sad disappointment, I dare say," he said. "But never mind, my pet; you'll do better next time, I've no doubt. Or if you don't, it doesn't much matter. Other people have fancied themselves poets, and have been deceived, before to-day."

"Those horrid reviewers don't understand her poetry," protested the duchess, who would have been hard pushed to comprehend it herself, but who thought it was a critic's business to understand every thing.

"I'm afraid I have written above their heads," Lady Mabel said, piteously.

Roderick Vawdrey was worst of all.

"Didn't I tell you 'The Skeptic Soul' was too fine for ordinary intellects, Mab?" he said. "You lost yourself in an ocean of obscurity. You knew what you meant, but there's no man alive who could follow you. You ought to have remembered Voltaire's definition of a metaphysical discussion—a conversation in which the man who is talked to doesn't understand the man who talks, and the man who talks doesn't understand himself. You must take a simpler subject, and use plainer English, if you want to please the multitude."

Mabel had told her lover before that she did not aspire to please the multitude, that she would have esteemed such cheap and tawdry success a humiliating failure. It was almost better not to be read at all than to be appreciated only by the average Mudie subscriber. But she would have liked some one to read her poems. She would have liked critics to praise and understand her. She would have liked to have her own small world of admirers, an esoteric few, the salt of the earth, literary Essenes, holding themselves apart from the vulgar herd. It was dreadful to find herself on a height as lonely as one of those plateaux in the Tyrolean Alps where the cattle crop a scanty herbage in summer, and where the Ice King reigns alone through the long winter.

"You are mistaken, Roderick," Mabel said, with chilling dignity. "I have friends who can understand and admire my poetry, incomprehensible and uninteresting as it may be to you."

"Dear Mabel, I never said it was uninteresting," Roderick cried, humbly. "Every thing you do must be interesting to me. But I frankly own I do not understand your verses as clearly as I think all verse should be understood. Why should I keep all my frankness until after the 1st of August? Why should the lover be less sincere than the husband? I will be truthful even at the risk of offending you."

"Pray do," cried Mabel, with ill-suppressed irritation. "Sincerity is such a delightful thing. No doubt my critics are sincere. They give me the honest, undisguised truth."

Rorie saw that his betrothed's literary failure was a subject to be carefully avoided in the future.

"My poor Vixen," he said to himself, with, oh! what deep regret! "perhaps it was not one of the least of your charms that you never wrote poetry."

Lord Mallow was coming to Ashbourne for the fortnight before the wedding. He had made himself wondrously agreeable to the duke, and the duke had invited him. The House would be up by that time. It was a delightful season for the Forest. The heather would be in bloom on all the open heights, the glades of Mark Ash would be a solemn world of greenery and shadow, a delicious place for picnics, flirtations, and gypsy tea-drinkings. Lord Mallow had only seen the Forest in the winter. It would be a grand opportunity for him.

He came, and Lady Mabel received him with a sad sweet smile. The reviews had all appeared by this time; and, except in the *West Dulmarsh Gazette* and the *Ratcliff Highway Register*, there had not been one favorable notice.

"There is a dreadful unanimity about my critics, is there not?" said the stricken poetess, when she and Lord Mallow found themselves alone together in one of the orchid-houses, breathing a perfumed atmosphere at eighty degrees, vaporous, balmy, slumberous.

"You have made a tremendous mistake, Lady Mabel," said Lord Mallow.

"How do you mean?"

"You have given the world your great book without first educating your public to receive and understand it. If Browning had done the same thing—if Browning had burst at once upon the world with 'The Ring and the Book,' he would have been as great a failure as—as you at present imagine yourself to be. You should have sent forth something smaller. You should have made the reading world familiar with a style too original, and of too large a power and scope, to please quickly. A volume of ballads and idyls—a short story in simple verse—would have prepared the way for your dramatic poem. Suppose Goethe had begun his literary career with the second part of 'Faust!' He was too wise for that, and wrote himself into popularity with a clap-trap novel."

"I could not write a clap-trap novel, or clap-trap verses," sighed Lady Mabel. "If I can not soar above the clouds, I will never spread my poor little wings again."

"Then you must be content to accept your failure as an evidence of the tendencies of an essentially Philistine age—an age in which people admire Brown, and Jones, and Robinson."

Here Lord Mallow gave a string of names, sacrificing the most famous reputations of the age to Mabel Ashbourne's vanity.

This brief conversation in the orchid-house was the first healing balm that had been applied to the bleeding heart of the poetess. She was deeply grateful to Lord Mallow. This was indeed sympathy. How different from Roderick's clumsy advice and obtrusive affectation of candor! Mabel determined that she would do her best to make Lord Mallow's visit pleasant. She gave him a good deal of her society—in fact, all she could spare from Roderick, who was not an exacting lover. They were so soon to be married that really there was no occasion for them to be greedy of *tête-à-tête* companionship. They would have enough of each other's company among the Norwegian fiords.

Lord Mallow did not care about riding under an almost tropical sun, nor did he care to expose his horse to the exasperating attacks of forest flies; so he went about with the duchess and her daughter in Lady Mabel's pony-carriage, he saw schools and cottages, and told the two ladies all the grand things he meant to do on his Irish estate when he had leisure to do them.

"You must wait till you are married," said the duchess, good-naturedly. "Ladies understand these details so much better than gentlemen. Mabel more than half planned those cottages you admired just now. She took the drawings out of the architect's hands, and altered them according to her own taste."

"And, as a natural result, the cottages are perfection!" exclaimed Lord Mallow.

That visit to Ashbourne was one of the most memorable periods in Lord Mallow's life. He was an impressible young man, and he had been unconsciously falling deeper in love with Lady Mabel every day during the last three months. Her delicate beauty, her culture, her elegance, her rank, all charmed and fascinated him; but her sympathy with Erin was irresistible. It was not the first time that he had been in love, by a great many times. The list of the idols he had worshipped stretched backward to the dim remoteness of boyhood. But to-day, awakening all at once to a keen perception of his hapless state, he told himself that he had never loved before as he loved now.

He had been hard hit by Miss Tempest. Yes, he acknowledged that past weakness. He had thought her fairest and most delightful among women, and he had left the Abbey House dejected and undone. But he had quickly recovered from the brief fever; and now, reverentially admiring Lady Mabel's prim propriety, he wondered that he could have ever seriously offered himself to a girl of Vixen's undisciplined and unbroken character.

"I should have been a miserable man by this time if she had accepted me," he thought. "She did not care a straw about the people of Ireland."

He was deeply, hopelessly, irrecoverably in love; and the lady he loved was to be married to another man in less than a week. The situation was too awful. What could such a woman as Mabel Ashbourne see in such a man as Roderick Vawdrey? That is a kind of question which has been asked very often in the history of men and women. Lord Mallow could find no satisfactory answer thereto. Mr. Vawdrey was well enough in his way—he was good-looking, sufficiently well-bred; he rode well, was a first-rate shot, and could give an average player odds at billiards. Surely these were small claims to the love of a tenth Muse, a rarely accomplished and perfect woman. If Lord Mallow, in his heart of hearts, thought no great things of Lady Mabel's poetic effusions, he not the less respected her for the effort, the high-souled endeavor. A woman who could read Euripides, who knew all that was best in modern literature, was a woman for a husband to be proud of.

In this desperate and for the most part unsuspected condition of mind, Lord Mallow hung upon Lady Mabel's footsteps during the days immediately before the wedding. Roderick was superintending the alterations at Briarwood, which were being carried on upon rather an extravagant scale, to make the mansion worthy of the bride. Lord Mallow was always at hand, in the orchid-houses, carrying scissors and adjusting the hose, in the library, in the gardens, in the boudoir. He was drinking greedily of the sweet poison. This fool's paradise of a few days must end in darkness, desolation, despair—every thing dreadful beginning with *d;* but the paradise was so delicious an abode that although an angel with a flaming sword, in the shape of conscience, was always standing at the gate, Lord Mallow would not be thrust out. He remained, in defiance of conscience, and honor, and all those good sentiments that should have counselled his speedy departure.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

"THEY are the most curious pair of lovers I ever saw in my life," said one of the visitors at Ashbourne—a young lady who had been engaged to be married more than once, and might fairly consider herself an authority upon such matters. "One never sees them together."

"They are cousins," replied her companion. "What can you expect from a courtship between cousins? It must be the most humdrum affair possible."

"All courtships are humdrum, unless there is opposition from parents, or something out of the common order to enliven them," said somebody else.

The speakers were a party of young ladies, who were getting through an idle hour after breakfast in the billiard-room.

"Lady Mabel is just the sort of girl no man could be desperately in love with," said another. "She is very pretty, and elegant, and accomplished, and all that kind of thing; but she is so overpoweringly well satisfied with herself that it seems superfluous for any one to admire her."

"In spite of that, I know of some one in this house who does immensely admire her," asserted the young lady who had spoken first. "Much more than I should approve of if I were Mr. Vawdrey."

"I think I know—" began somebody, and then abruptly remarked: "What a too ridiculous stroke! And I really thought I was going to make a canon."

This sudden change in the current of the talk was due to the appearance of the subject of this friendly disquisition. Lady Mabel had that moment entered, followed by Lord Mallow, not intent on billiards, like the frivolous damsels assembled round the table. There were book-cases all along one side of the billiard-room, containing the surplus books that had overrun the shelves in the library, and Mabel had come to look for a particular volume among these. It was a treatise upon the antiquities of Ireland. Lord Mallow and Lady Mabel had been disputing about the Round Towers.

"Of course you are right," said the Irishman, when she had triumphantly exhibited a page which supported her side of the argument. "What a wonderful memory you have! What a wife you would make for a statesman! You would be worth half a dozen secretaries."

Mabel blushed, and smiled faintly, with lowered eyelids.

"Do you remember that concluding picture in *My Novel*," she asked, "where Violante tempts Harley Lestrange from his idle musing over Horace, to toil through blue-books; and, when she is stealing softly from the room, he detains her and bids her copy an extract for him? 'Do you think I would go through this labor,' he says, 'if you were not to halve the success? Halve the labor as well.' I have always envied Violante that moment in her life."

"And who would not envy Harley such a wife as Violante," returned Lord Mallow, "if she was like—the woman I picture her?"

Three hours later Lord Mallow and Lady Mabel met by accident in the garden. It was an afternoon of breathless heat and golden sunlight, the blue ether without a cloud—a day on which the most restless spirit might be content to yield to the drowsiness of the atmosphere, and lie at ease upon the sunburned grass, and bask in the glory of summer. Lord Mallow had never felt so idle in the whole course of his vigorous young life.

"I don't know what has come to me," he said to himself; "I can't settle to any kind of work; and I don't care a straw for going sight-seeing with a pack of nonentities."

A party had gone off in a drag, soon after breakfast, to see some distant ruins; and Lord Mallow had refused to be of that party, though it included some of the prettiest girls at Ashbourne. He had staid at home, on pretense of writing important letters, but had not, so far, penned a line. "It must be the weather," said Lord Mallow.

An hour or so after luncheon he strolled out into the gardens, having given up all idea of writing those letters. There was a wide lawn that sloped from the terrace in front of the drawing-room windows, a lawn encircled by a belt of carefully chosen timber. It was not very old timber, but it was sufficiently umbrageous. There were tulip-trees, and copper beeches, and Douglas pines, and deodoras. There were shrubs of every kind, and winding paths under the trees, and rustic benches here and there to repose the wearied traveller.

On one of these benches, placed in a delicious spot, shaded by a group of pines, commanding the wide view of valley and distant hill far away toward Ringwood, Lord Mallow found Lady Mabel seated reading. She was looking delightfully cool amidst the sultry heat of the scene, perfectly dressed in soft white muslin, with much adornment of delicate lace and pale-hued ribbon; but she was not looking happy. She was gazing at the open volume on her knee, with fixed and dreamy eyes that saw not the page; and as Lord Mallow came very near, with steps that made no sound on the fallen pine needles, he saw that there were tears upon her drooping eyelids.

There are moments in every man's life when impulse is stronger than discretion. Lord Mallow gave the reins to impulse now, and seated himself by Lady Mabel's side, and took her hand in his, with an air of sympathy so real that the lady forgot to be offended.

"Forgive me for having surprised your tears," he murmured gently.

"I am very foolish," she said, blushing deeply, as she became aware of the hand clasping hers, and suddenly withdrawing her own; "but there are passages of Dante that are too pathetic."

"Oh, it was Dante!" exclaimed Lord Mallow, with a disappointed air.

He looked down at the page on her lap.

"Yes, naturally."

She had been reading about Paolo and Francesca—that one episode, in all the catalogue of sin and sorrow, which melts every heart; a page at which the volume seems to open of its own accord.

Lord Mallow leaned down and read the lines in a low voice, slowly, with considerable feeling; and then he looked softly up at Mabel Ashbourne, and at the landscape lying below them, in all the glow and glory of the summer light, and looked back to the lady, with his hand still on the book.

The strangeness of the situation: they two alone in the garden, unseen, unheard by human eye or ear; the open book between them—a subtle bond of union—hinting at forbidden passion.

"They were deeply to be pitied," said Lord Mallow, meaning the guilty lovers.

"It was very sad," murmured Lady Mabel.

"But they were neither the first nor the last who have found out too late that they were created to be happy in each other's love, and had by an accident missed that supreme chance of happiness," said Lord Mallow, with veiled intention.

Mabel sighed, and took the book from the gentleman's hand, and drew a little farther off on the bench. She was not the kind of young woman to yield tremblingly to the first whisper of an unauthorized love. It was all very well to admire Francesca, upon strictly æsthetic grounds, as the perfection of erring womanhood, beautiful even in her guilt. Francesca had lived so long ago, in days so entirely mediæval, that one could afford to regard her with indulgent pity. But it was not to be supposed that a modern duke's daughter was going to follow that unfortunate young woman's example, and break plighted vows. Betrothal, in the eyes of so exalted a moralist as Lady Mabel, was a tie but one degree less sacred than marriage.

"Why did you not go to see the ruins?" she asked, resuming her society tone.

"Because I was in a humor in which ruins would have been unutterably odious. Indeed, Lady Mabel, I am just now very much of Macbeth's temper, when he began to be aweary of the sun."

"Has the result of the session disappointed you?"

"Naturally. When was that ever otherwise? Parliament opens full of promise, like a young king who has just ascended the throne, and every body is to be made happy, all burdens are to be lightened, the seeds of all good things that have been hidden deep in earth through the slow centuries are to germinate all at once, and blossom, and bear fruit. And the session comes to an end; and, lo! a great many good things have been talked about, and no good thing has been done. That is in the nature of things. No, Lady Mabel, it is not that which makes me unhappy."

He waited for her to ask him what his trouble was, but she kept silence.

"No," he repeated, "it is not that."

Again there was no reply; and he went on awkwardly, like an actor who has missed his cue.

"Since I have known you I have been at once too happy and too wretched. Happy—unspeakably happy in your society; miserable in the knowledge that I could never be more to you than a unit in the crowd."

"You were a great deal more to me than that," said Mabel, softly. She had been on her guard against him just now, but when he thus abased himself before her she took pity upon him, and became dangerously amiable. "I shall never forget your kindness about those wretched verses."

"I will not hear you speak ill of them," cried Lord Mallow, indignantly. "You have but shared the common fate of genius in having a mind in advance of your age."

Lady Mabel breathed a gentle sigh of resignation.

"I am not so weak as to think myself a genius," she murmured; "but I venture to hope my poor verses will be better understood twenty years hence than they are now."

"Undoubtedly!" cried Lord Mallow, with conviction. "Look at Wordsworth; in his lifetime the general reading public considered him a prosy old gentleman, who twaddled pleasantly about lakes and mountains, and pretty little peasant girls. The world only awakened ten years ago to the fact of his being a great poet and a sublime philosopher; and I shouldn't be very much surprised," added Lord Mallow, meditatively, "if in ten years more the world were to go to sleep again and forget him."

Lady Mabel looked at her watch.

"I think I will go in and give mamma her afternoon cup of tea," she said.

"Don't go yet," pleaded Lord Mallow; "it is only four, and I know the duchess does not take tea till five. Give me one of your last hours. A lady who is just going to be married is something like Socrates after his sentence. Her friends surround her; she is in their midst, smiling, serene, diffusing sweetness and light; but they know she is going from them; they are to lose her—yes, to lose her almost as utterly as if she were doomed to die."

"That is taking a very dismal view of marriage," said Mabel, pale, and trifling nervously with her watch chain.

This was the first time Lord Mallow had spoken to her of the approaching event.

"Is it not like death? Does it not bring change and parting to old friends? When you are Lady Mabel Vawdrey, can I ever be with you as I am now? You will have new interests, you will be shut in by a net-work of new ties. I shall come some morning to see you amidst your new surroundings, and shall find a stranger. My Lady Mabel will be dead and buried."

There is no knowing how long Lord Mallow might have meandered on in this dismal strain, if he had not been seasonably interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Vawdrey, who came sauntering along the winding shrubbery walk, with his favorite pointer Hecate at his heels. He advanced toward his betrothed at the leisurely pace of a man whose courtship is over, whose fate is sealed, and from whom society exacts nothing further, except a decent compliance with the arrangements other people make for him.

He seemed in no wise disconcerted at finding his sweetheart and Lord Mallow seated side by side, alone, in that romantic and solitary spot. He pressed Mabel's hand kindly, and gave the Irishman a friendly nod.

"What have you been doing with yourself all the morning, Roderick?" asked Lady Mabel, with that half-reproachful air which is almost the normal expression of a betrothed young lady in her converse with her lover.

"Oh, pottering about at Briarwood. The workmen are such fools. I am making some slight alterations in the stables, on a plan of my own—putting in mangers, and racks, and pillars, and partitions, from the St. Pancras Iron-works, making sanitary improvements, and so on—and I have to contend with so much idiocy in our local workmen. If I did not stand by and see drain-pipes put in and connections made, I believe the whole thing would go wrong."

"It must be very dreadful for you," exclaimed Lady Mabel.

"It must be intolerable!" cried Lord Mallow; "what, when the moments are golden, when 'Love takes up the glass of Time, and turns it in his glowing hands,' when 'Love takes up the harp of life, and smites on all the chords with might,' you have to devote your morning to watching the laying of drain-pipes and digging of sewers! I can not imagine a more afflicted man."

Lady Mabel saw the sneer, but her betrothed calmly ignored it.

"Of course it's a nuisance," he said, carelessly; "but I had rather be my own clerk of the works than have the whole thing botched. I thought you were going to Wellbrook Abbey with the house party, Mabel?"

"I know every stone of the Abbey by heart. No, I have been dawdling about the grounds all the afternoon. It is much too warm for riding or driving."

Lady Mabel strangled an incipient yawn. She had not yawned once in all her talk with Lord Mallow. Rorie stifled another, and Lord Mallow walked up and down among the pine needles like a caged lion. It would have been polite to leave the lovers to themselves, perhaps. They might have family matters to discuss, settlements, wedding presents, Heaven knows what. But Lord Mallow was not going to leave them alone. He was in a savage humor, in which the petty rules and regulations of a traditionary etiquette were as nothing to him. So he staid, pacing restlessly, with his hands in his pockets, and inwardly delighted at the stupid spectacle presented by the affianced lovers, who had nothing to say to each other, and were evidently bored to the last degree by their own society.

"This is the deplorable result of trying to ferment the small beer of cousinly affection into the Maronean wine of passionate love," thought Lord Mallow. "Idiotic parents have imagined that these two people ought to marry, because they were brought up together, and the little girl look kindly to the little boy. What little girl does not take kindly to any thing in the shape of a boy, when they are both in the nursery? Hence these tears."

"I am going to pour out mamma's tea," Lady Mabel said, presently, keenly sensible of the stupidity of her position. "Will you come, Roderick? Mamma will be glad to know that you are alive. She was wondering about you all the time we were at luncheon."

"I ought not to have been off duty so long," Mr. Vawdrey answered, meekly; "but if you could only imagine the stupidity of those bricklayers! The day before yesterday I found half a dozen stalwart fellows sitting upon a wall, with their hands in their corduroy pockets, smoking short pipes, and, I believe, talking politics. They pretended to be at a stand-still because their satellites—their *âmes damnées*, the men who hold their hods and mix their mortar—had not turned up. 'Don't disturb yourselves, gentlemen,' I said. 'There's nothing like taking things easy. It's a time job. I'll send you the morning papers and a can of beer.' And so I did, and since that day, do you know, the fellows have worked twice as hard. They don't mind being bullied; but they can't stand chaff."

"What an interesting bit of character!" said Lady Mabel, with a faintly perceptible sneer. "Worthy of Henri Constant."

"May I come to the duchess's kettle-drum?" asked Lord Mallow, humbly.

"By all means," answered Mabel. "How fond you gentlemen pretend to be of afternoon tea, nowadays! But I don't believe it is the tea you really care for. It is the gossip you all like. Darwin has found out that the male sex is the vain sex; but I don't think he has gone so far as to discover another great truth. It is the superior sex for whom scandal has the keenest charm."

"I have never heard the faintest hiss of the serpent slander at the duchess's tea table," said Lord Mallow.

"No; we are dreadfully behind the age," assented Lady Mabel. "We contrive to exist without thinking ill of our neighbors."

They all three sauntered toward the house, choosing the sheltered ways, and skirting the broad sunny lawn, whose velvet sward, green even in this tropical July, was the result of the latest improvements in cultivation, ranging from such simple stimulants as bone-dust and wood-ashes to the last development of agricultural chemistry. Lady Mabel and her companions were for the most part silent during this leisurely walk home, and when one of them hazarded an observation, the attempt at conversation had a forced air, and failed to call forth any responsive brilliancy in the others.

[to be continued.]

A VIRGINIAN TOBACCO MART.

The James River winds in erratic mood through Midland Virginia, and upon its banks, one hundred and twenty miles above tide-water, which reaches Richmond, is located Lynchburg. Here is the heart of Tobaccodom. The visitor to this picturesque city will find much that is provincial and quaint along the streets and about the "breaks." Hobbling old negroes—veritable prototypes of "Uncle Tom"—whose possession of freedom has not eradicated their obsequious servility; swarthy, well-built young Virginians mounted upon handsome horses; lank, loose-jointed "poor whites," whose chief ambition in life is to get into town for a day; groups of athletic negroes waiting, with good-humored indifference, for a job. Every day an apparition appears upon a street corner—an ebony Gabriel armed with a tin horn longer by half than himself. He executes a fanfare which for unmitigated discordance is without a parallel in the history of acoustics. It is the signal for the breaks. The *breaks*, by-the-way, is the auction, the name originating in the practice of breaking open and exposing the contents of the bales or hogsheads previous to the sale.

The breaks takes place in a shed of wide proportions, beneath which the tobacco wagons have been waiting, many of them all night, their occupants cooking their frugal breakfasts at small fires built among the vehicles, drawing their supplies from the tail boxes with which each is equipped.

By nine o'clock the street in front of the shed is alive with teams, the drivers impatient to unload. Each lot, as it is removed to the building, is weighed and given a separate space upon the floor, being ticketed with its weight and owner's name. Soon buyers begin to come in, sampling here and there with practiced eye and scent. After these comes the auctioneer—a business-like-looking man, whose manner indicates that he has no time to waste; and lastly, after him comes the clerk, with portable desk and book of sales. Then it is that Gabriel, clothed with brief authority, rends the morning air with the notes of his terrible horn.

Rapidly the auctioneer proceeds to "knock down" the invoices of weed. When all are sold the farmers get their cash and go their way, let us hope, rejoicing.

Plug and smoking tobaccoes are prepared at different factories. The former requires considerable manipulation. The green leaf is strewn upon a floor and sprinkled with a sirup of enriching ingredients, compounded to suit the fancy of the manufacturer. Then it goes, for a time, into a room where the temperature is 130°. Long tables are occupied by negro workers of both sexes, who twist the leaf into braids with skillful hands, singing almost constantly some refrain in a cadence sweetly melancholy. They are encouraged to sing by employers, as it has been observed that under the inspiration of their own music they work better, and are apparently more contented, than when silent.

The braids are placed in iron cells, and pressed into compact cubes, bearing a polish worthy of mahogany. They are then packed into cases by hydraulic pressure, and the finishing touch given by adding a showy label.

Smoking tobacco is less complex in process of manufacture. The leaf is kiln-dried, after which it is granulated manually by negroes impervious to the effects of a cloud of snuff-like dust that would cause an unaccustomed person a sneezing fit not soon forgotten. It is then packed into little bags or bales, usually one pound in weight, by means of a machine presided over by a matron in the ever-present turban, with deft and nimble fingers. Each bale then receives the government revenue stamp.

Sometimes a single brand will strike the popular fancy, and have a run which makes the proprietor's fortune. An impecunious ex-Confederate soldier, gratefully remembering the winning card which, in a game of poker, gave him a few dollars capital to invest in the trade, christened his brand "Lone Jack," and the symbol has wrought him a fortune of perhaps half a million dollars.

It should be added that tobacco, either in leaf or manufactured form, goes from Lynchburg to every part of the world, even to India. The warehouse shipments alone last year amounted to 30,000,000 pounds.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A few years ago Professor Morse, in visiting Japan for the purpose of carrying on his natural history investigations, had his attention attracted, while passing along a railway, to the walls of a deep cut at Omori, about six miles from Tokio. His practiced eye, trained to the study of similar deposits in New England, at once led him to conclude that he had found a genuine shell heap, or "kjökkenmödding," and he subsequently devoted a great deal of attention to its exploration and investigation, aided by his Japanese *confrères* in the heartiest manner.

The fact that these heaps were half a mile from the shore proved conclusively, what he afterward found corroborated by other evidence, that the shore had been upheaved since the formation of the deposits, although the shells found were, for the most part, similar to those seen at the present day in the adjacent waters; and, singularly enough, there were large valves of the common clam, *Mya arenaria*, scarcely to be distinguished from those which constitute the bulk of deposits of a similar character in New England.

The peculiarities of the Omori shell heap, as compared with those of other parts of the world, consist in the great abundance of pottery, both in fragments and in nearly perfect vessels, and in the great variety in the form of the vessels, and their remarkable diversity of ornamentation. Its rudeness, and the absence of any thing like lathe-work or glazing, prove that this pottery is ancient. Much of it has incised lines, and small fragments show a peculiar carving, made after the clay was dry, but before baking.

The first impression made upon Professor Morse was that this was an indication of the former occupation of Japan by the Ainos or Hairy Men, now driven out and confined to a limited area. This view, however, he subsequently abandoned, especially when he found evident traces of cannibalism in the early deposits. Large fragments of the human femur, humerus, and radius were found, widely scattered, and broken in precisely the same manner as the deer bones, either to get them into a cooking utensil or to extract the marrow.

The fact that the Ainos, even in their most degraded condition at the present time, are a gentle, harmless race, and have never shown the slightest tendency to cannibalism, is, in Professor Morse's mind, conclusive proof that we have here evidence of a race anterior to the Ainos, and existing probably prior to the geological changes which appear to have taken place in the country.

Major Pinto, the leader of the Portuguese African expedition, announces by telegraph from Pretoria that he has virtually crossed Africa from the west coast. It is thought that his route must to some extent coincide with that of Livingstone. As he has saved his records, charts, maps, note-books, drawings, etc., he will probably be able to furnish a very important addition to our knowledge of African geography. He speaks of having discovered the secret of the Cubango, probably referring to the river which under various names was supposed to be the upper course of the Congo.

The Duke of Genoa is said to be engaged in making preparations for an extensive exploring expedition from Venice, *viâ* Suez, Aden, and Singapore, to China and Japan, and subsequently to Australia and New Guinea.

Dr. Gerhard Rohlffs, whose exploration of Africa we have already referred to, has been heard from, *viâ* Sokna, 250 miles south of Tripoli, at the foot of the Black Mountains.

It is announced that the observatory at Pulkowa, unwilling to be outstripped by any other establishment of its kind, is about ordering a refractor of thirty-two inches aperture.

It is well known that certain gems, formerly of great value, can be imitated artificially so perfectly that it is almost impossible to distinguish them, and that their supremacy as ornaments is seriously threatened. It therefore becomes a matter of much interest to be able to find some means by which the real can be separated from the artificial. Among the gems which of late have been simulated are the turquoises, the imitation as produced in Vienna, England, and France being such as to present all the physical properties of the mineral as respects color, hardness, density, fracture, and appearance under the microscope. Mr. Pohl, however, announces a valuable test, as follows:

"A portion of the specimen to be tested is placed in a small covered platinum crucible, and heated to redness over an ordinary Bunsen lamp, when a peculiar crackling noise resembling that emitted by sodium chloride under similar circumstances is heard after a few seconds; and on the lamp being taken away and the crucible opened, if the specimen be a *true* turquois, a deep brown-black earthy powder or mass remains. When the specimen is an imitation turquois, no crackling noise will be perceived on heating it, but the mass remaining will either fuse to a glass or a solid hard body of a pure blue to greenish-blue color, which is sometimes spotted here and there with brown-red on the surface, as though with cuprous oxide."

It is stated that a plan is on foot for the establishment of a colony of 3000 Italians on the south coast of New Guinea. The arrangements have all been completed, and a subscription of $6,000,000 already received. Communication with North Australia is to be maintained by a telegraphic cable. Every rank of life except lawyers is represented. Quite a number of men of science have enlisted.

Swiss archæologists are delighted at the discovery of a prehistoric canoe in the Lake of Neuchatel, said to be the finest specimen of the sort that has ever come to light in Switzerland. It is hollowed out of a single piece of oak, and is about twenty-six feet long, thirty-nine inches wide, and twenty-six inches deep. It is well finished and in a perfect state of preservation. The stern carries a spur, and the prow is curved in the form of a hook, probably for the purpose of attaching it by a rope to a landing-place. There are no rowlocks, but there are indications of places for thwarts. The canoe is large enough to carry twelve persons.

Professor Langerhaus has lately established himself on the Peak of Teneriffe, and expects to remain there for several years, and conduct certain scientific explorations.

An interesting contribution to aquarial science has lately been made by the Appletons in the publication of a work entitled *Ocean Wonders*, by W. E. Damon—a gentleman well known in New York for his success in keeping various forms of marine animals, especially polyps, in an aquarium, for a period of many years. Many new facts in the history of the radiates in particular are indicated in Mr. Damon's book, which contains all the details necessary for the management of marine and fresh-water aquaria.

A valuable contribution to our knowledge of Alaska has lately been published as a Congressional document by William Gouverneur Morris. This gentleman, who is a special agent of the Treasury Department, has lately visited that country, and reports in detail upon the condition of the Indians and the natural resources of the country. Contrary to some recent writers, he speaks very highly of the resources of the Territory, showing that in its precious metals, coal, timber, and its fisheries it deserves a much higher appreciation than it at present enjoys. The present condition of the Indian tribes is dwelt upon at length, and he refers to the importance of establishing laws by which life and property may be rendered safe. It is a singular anomaly that at present there is no provision for the punishment of theft, murder, and other crimes against the person and property. Mr. Morris thinks the time is not far distant when with proper legal protection many settlers will enter the country and open up its boundless resources.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

There lately resided in an Ayrshire village a man who proposed to write an etymological dictionary of the English language. Being asked what he understood the word "pathology" to mean, he answered, with readiness and confidence, "Why, the art of road-making, to be sure."

A Hint.—A little five-year-old, who was hungry one night at bed-time, but didn't like to ask directly for something more to eat, put it in this way: "Mother, are little children who starve to death happy after they die?" A good big slice of bread and butter was the answer.

Heartless Scientist. "Miss Adelina, permit me to ask your acceptance of my hand—"

Gushing Maiden. "Oh, professor, so sudden—"

Heartless Scientist (*continuing*). "My—er—hand-book of the Buddhist psychology and ethnology of the Hindoos." [*Collapse of G. M.*

Two countrymen were looking at a watch "marked down" in a show window, which, among other virtues, showed the day of the month, day of the week, and the phases of the moon. "Pooh! you call that much of a thing?" said one. "Where I live you can buy a watch, and the hour-hand will mark the daily stock quotations, the theatre programme, and your wash list."

Tailor (*to customer*). "I don't understand your style of doing things. Your salary is big enough to enable you to pay your bills."

Customer. "Well, who said it wasn't?"

Tailor. "You don't keep your word."

Customer. "Certainly I do. I told you I'd pay you out of my savings."

Tailor. "Well?"

Customer. "Well, I haven't saved any thing."

A man went home the other evening and found his house locked up. Getting in at the window with considerable difficulty, he found on the table a note from his wife: "I have gone out; you will find the door-key on one side of the door-step."

A four-year-old saw his parents preparing for church, and asked them to take him along with them. He was told he was too little, and must wait till he should grow bigger. "Well," returned he, "you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go." The parents saw the point; he was taken.

The inhabitants of Madagascar are dying to get hold of an American ship captain who has sold them ten thousand quart cans of tomatoes as a new kind of gunpowder. Their old blunderbusses wouldn't go off.

AT COURT.

Eminent Counsel. "Yes, gentlemen of the jury, you will—oh, I know you will restore my persecuted client to the arms of his wife and little ones, who—"

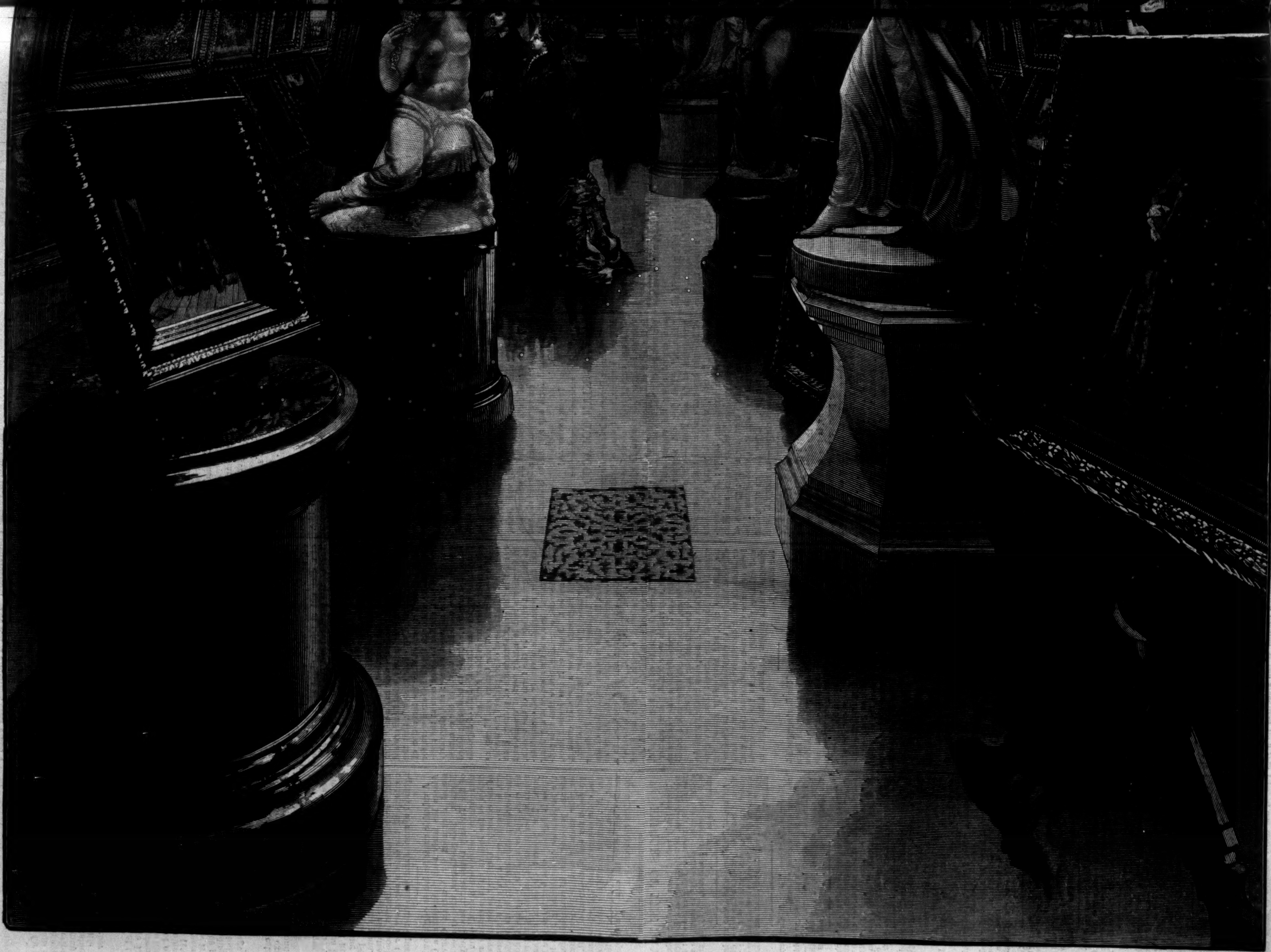
The Court. "Your client is a bachelor."

E. C. (*with reproach*). "Your Honor would even deprive my unhappy client of the pure joys of home and the family." [*Weeps.*

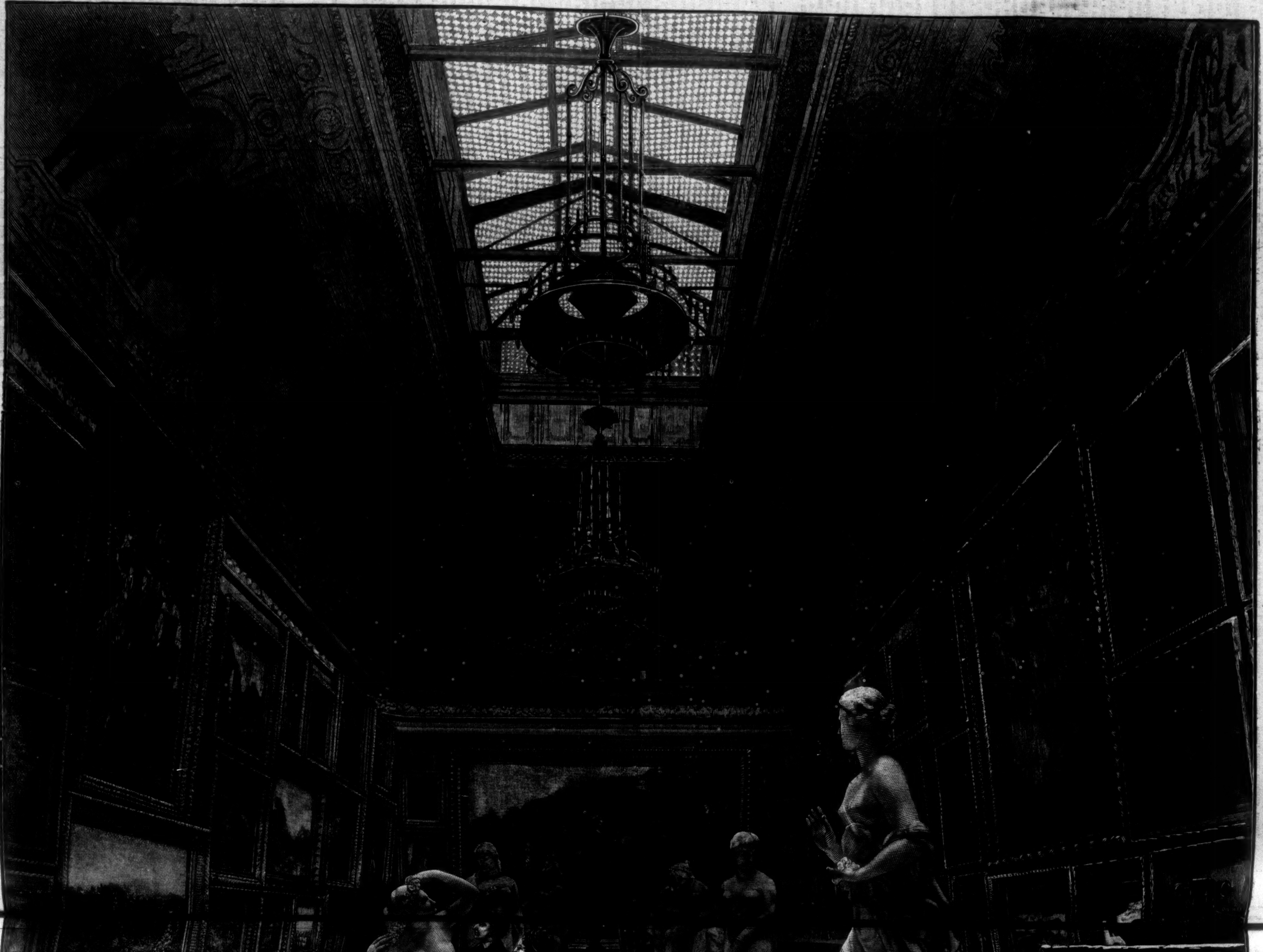
A Western lawyer included in his bill against his client, "To waking up at night and thinking about your case, $5."

"There's music in the heir," moaned the young husband as he reached for the paregoric bottle.

Paterfamilias looks up over his glasses, lowers his paper, and testily observes to Maria Clytemnestra: "My daughter, it certainly appears to me that you look in the mirror a great many unnecessary times." "Why, father," returned the young lady, "haven't you counselled me over and over again to frequently stop and reflect?" The old gentleman went on with his reading.



THE STEWART ART GALLERY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 350.]



THE DEFENSE OF LUCKNOW.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

DEDICATORY POEM TO THE PRINCESS ALICE.

Dead Princess, living Power, if that, which lived
True life, live on—and if the fatal kiss,
Born of true life and love, divorce thee not
From earthly love and life—if what we call
The spirit flash not all at once from out
This shadow into Substance—then perhaps
The mellow'd murmur of the people's praise
From thine own State, and all our breadth of realm,
Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds in light,
Ascends to thee; and this March morn that sees
Thy Soldier-brother's bridal orange-bloom
Break thro' the yews and cypress of thy grave,
And thine Imperial mother smile again,
May send one ray to thee! and who can tell—
Thou—England's England-loving daughter—thou
Dying so English thou wouldst have her flag
Borne on thy coffin—where is he can swear
But that some broken gleam from our poor earth
May touch thee, while remembering thee, I lay
At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds
Of England, and her banner in the East?

THE DEFENSE OF LUCKNOW.

I.

Banner of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!
Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd thee on high
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—
Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

II.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with our lives—
Women and children among us, God help them, our children and wives!
Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.
"Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post!"
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the best of the brave:
Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him—we laid him that night in his grave.
"Every man die at his post!" and there hail'd on our houses and halls
Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their cannon-balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade,
Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we stoopt to the spade,
Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often there fell
Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot and their shell,
Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen were told of our best,
So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that could think for the rest;
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain at our feet—
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us round—
Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street,
Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and death in the ground!
Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down! and creep thro' the hole!
Keep the revolver in hand! You can hear him—the murderous mole.
Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be thro'!
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than before—
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

III.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced on a day
Soon as the blast of that under-ground thunder-clap echo'd away,
Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so many fiends in their hell—
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon yell—
Fiercely on all the defenses our myriad enemy fell.
What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard the Redan!
Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate! storm, and it ran
Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drown'd by the tide—
So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who shall escape?
Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers and men!
Ready! take aim at their leaders—their masses are gapp'd with our grape—
Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging forward again,
Flying and foil'd at the last by the handful they could not subdue;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

IV.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure,
Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him;
Still—could we watch at all points? we were every day fewer and fewer.
There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that past:
"Children and wives—if the tigers leap into the fold unawares—
Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive us at last—
Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into theirs!"
Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the enemy sprung
Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades.
Riflemen, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand be as true!
Sharp is the fire of assault, better aim'd are your flank fusillades—
Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which they had clung,
Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them with hand-grenades;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

V.

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore
Clean from our lines of defense ten or twelve good paces or more.
Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun—
One has leap'd up on the breach, crying out, "Follow me, follow me!"
Mark him—he falls! then another, and *him* too, and down goes he.
Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had won?
Boardings and rafters and doors—an embrasure! make way for the gun!
Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged and we fire, and they run.
Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due!
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

VI.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We can fight;
But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all thro' the night—
Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms,
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings to arms,
Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loop-holes around,
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground,
Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be heal'd,
Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife—
Torture and trouble in vain—for it never could save us a life,
Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that we knew—
Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still-shatter'd walls
Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls—
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

VII.

Hark cannonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by the scout?
Outram and Havelock breaking their way thro' the fell mutineers!
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,
Forth from their holes and their hidings our women and children come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander wet with their tears!
Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are saved!—is it you? is it you?
Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!
"Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

THE STEWART ART GALLERY.

The mansion of the late Mr. Stewart contains, as is well known, one of the most magnificent private art galleries in the world. However the treasures within its walls may compare with the collections of many connoisseurs, the apartment itself exceeds in luxury and splendor any shrine of its size ever dedicated to art. Situated at the rear of the mansion, it is approached by the main hall, and as the visitor enters he finds himself in a sort of fairy-land, surrounded on all sides by products of human genius. Here may be found the works of such artists as Rosa Bonheur, Church, Meissonier, Fortuny, Powers, and others of high distinction.

An admirable view of the apartment which contains these artistic marvels is given in our double-page engraving, and the splendid rows of marbles that extend on both sides of the room are distinctly seen. The pictures that line the walls are also traced with much distinctness, and our readers will be able to distinguish several of the greater works, which on the few occasions of their exhibition in public have drawn crowds of admiring spirits round them. When once lodged in the Stewart gallery they are lost to public view, for only great favor can gain admission for the stranger to these sacred precincts. With this engraving before us we will, therefore, endeavor to recall some of the masterpieces that have found an appropriate place in this magnificent gallery. One painting which at the time of its first appearance provoked much criticism, but which a feeling of patriotism induced many to honor, was an allegorical representation of the United States of America, painted by M. A. Yvon expressly for Mr. Stewart. Thirty-four States appear in this composition grouped around the symbolic figure of the Republic, whose hand rests in that of Wisdom. On the left is a group of immigrants just landing from Europe, in the costumes and with the industrial elements of their native countries. One of our great rivers is represented as extinguishing in its current the torch of war, while our illustrious forefathers burst their tombs to salute the triumph of the cause to which they consecrated their lives. On the right, sanguinary traces represent the past. Archangels beat down the evil passions of war and domestic discord among the States. From the darkness of ignorance and superstition the colored races emerge into the light of knowledge and civilization—the Indians in the background shading their eyes from the dazzling radiance, and the negroes emancipated and instructed by the whites. On a rich tapestry in the immediate foreground, covered with fruits and flowers, are grouped the geniuses of Peace and Industry. A number of heralds about the statue of Washington proclaim to the four quarters of the globe the glory of the nation which he established.

Another picture in the Stewart gallery which appeals to patriotic instincts is the famous representation of a reception given by Mrs. Washington during the Presidency of her illustrious husband, painted by Daniel Huntington. No specific date is chosen, and some liberties are taken with chronological facts, as, for instance, the introduction of General Greene, who died shortly before this time, but whose prominence during the Revolution makes it very desirable to include him in the Republican Court. Sixty "fair women and brave men" occupy the eight feet of canvas. Not one of them is a lifeless figure; all are disposed easily, and are naturally occupied. The grouping is admirable, and as a composition the painting is, therefore, a genuine success.

By far the most important picture in the collection is, of course, the great Meissonier, for which Mr. Stewart, shortly before his death, paid the sum of $60,000. It was called by the artist "1807," and has been frequently spoken of as "A Charge of Cuirassiers"—a very inappropriate and incorrect title. In reality the painting is the result of the imbittered feelings of the great French artist, imprisoned in his atelier during the siege of Paris, and the title he gave it was expressive of his anger and emotion against the Germans. The history of this remarkable work from the time of its first conception is exceedingly interesting. In the early part of 1870 Meissonier bethought himself of recalling to Europe, through the magic of his art, the era of 1807, when the French had triumphed with splendid victories over the German hosts. Conscious of his ability in a certain line, and his weakness in another, he did not attempt a battle piece, but at the same time chose a subject which should recall a moment of bitter military humiliation to the Germans. This was connected with the battle of Friedland, the painting depicting the enthusiasm of the French cuirassiers when, at the review that took place the day after the conflict, they galloped past the Emperor and his brilliant staff. Patriotism inspired Meissonier with the determination to make this his greatest picture, and the canvas he chose was eight feet long by five wide —a tremendous size for a man whose paintings have been, with few exceptions, quite small. The enthusiasm with which he worked, combined with the marvellous dexterity of his hand, gave such promise of singular excellence to the preliminary sketch that the picture was already a subject of conversation in artistic circles before the first line was drawn. At this time there was detained in Paris by the siege Sir Richard Wallace, of England, a well-known connoisseur in art. This nobleman became one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the picture, which as yet was nothing more than a rough sketch. He asked Meissonier his price, and the artist demanded 200,000 francs in gold, or about $40,000, one-half of which was to be paid down in advance. The terms were accepted, the money was paid, and Meissonier began to paint. Those who had the privilege of seeing the picture in its immaturity were charmed, and did not hesitate to pronounce it the crowning work of the artist's life. In the sixth year it was completed; and Meissonier, feeling that he had far excelled what he proposed to do when he made the bargain with Sir Richard Wallace, wrote to him that he thought he ought to receive another hundred thousand francs. This the nobleman refused to give, and when Meissonier insisted, he resigned the picture, which was at once sold to Mr. Stewart. There was some feeling in England about the matter, but the blame, if there be any, must rest upon Meissonier, and can not in any way be thrown upon the American merchant.

One of the few inferior pictures in the Stewart gallery, but one which bears the name of a famous artist, is that representing the ancient Roman chariot races, painted by Gérôme. In every respect this is inferior, both as a work of art and as a historical picture of the Circus Maximus. The painting is a large one, being five feet in length and nearly three in height, but it is in the style of those extraordinary architectural productions by Martin, the English painter, representing "Pandemonium," "The Last Judgment," and kindred subjects. In speaking of this work of Gérôme's, one of the art critics of our city remarks: "As a historical painting it is utterly incorrect, for it actually represents some five or six chariots racing, whereas there were never more than four, guided by the white charioteer, the red, the sea-green, and the cerulean blue, or, in Latin, *albatus, russatus, prasinus, venetus.* But the space represented is so enormous, and the perspective point raises the eye of the spectator so above the ground, that he sees only a little cloud of dust beneath him, out of which, by microscopic studying, some chariots emerge finally. It is impossible to praise even the drawing, for the legs of the horses of the white charioteer are bent like Scythian bows, and he has not in any case been able to obtain the idea of swift, rushing motion. In the great picture by Adolph Wagner on the same subject, you can hardly look at the canvas without a feeling that if you don't instantly move away the chariot will be on you, and you will be treated like the father of Tullia. But this work by Gérôme excites only pity that an artist of his reputation should have sent to this country something so little calculated to do him honor."

Among the many exquisite pieces of statuary in the gallery are three by our own great American sculptor, Powers. Here will be found the original "Greek Slave," which at the time of its first exhibition in this country produced so much consternation, our people at that time having little knowledge or appreciation of nude beauty in art. The story is told of a gang of juvenile burglars discovering a case containing a copy of this remarkable work, and concluding from the weight that it contained silver plate, broke it open. When the white form of the marble sleeper, seen by the light of a dim lantern, caught their eyes, they dropped their tools and incontinently fled, without a particle of spoil. This work was the one which gave Powers renown, and was the realization of an ideal of which he had long dreamed. He describes the spirit which he had designed to imprison in the marble as follows: "The slave has been taken from one of the Greek islands by the Turks in the time of the Greek revolution, which is familiar to all. Her father and mother, and perhaps all her kindred, have been destroyed by her foes, and she alone preserved as a treasure too valuable to be thrown away. She is now among barbarian strangers, under the pressure of a full recollection of the calamitous events which have brought her to her present state, and she stands exposed to the gaze of the people she abhors, and awaits her fate with intense anxiety, tempered, indeed, by the support of her reliance upon the goodness of God." The two other statues by Powers both represent Eve. The one shows the mother of our race before the Fall. The second is called "Paradise Lost," and she stands with the apple held to her breast, gazing down at the serpent whose wiles have caused her ruin.

It is impossible in the space allowed us to even mention all the positively world-renowned works of art that have found their way into this gallery. Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" is here, and many others which, if their names were recalled, would awaken recollections of the time when their first exhibition caused a furor in art circles. It has been suggested that it was Mr. Stewart's intention that some day his collection of art treasures should be placed within reach of the public. Since his death nothing has been heard of the matter, neither were the details of any scheme ever promulgated. Did these treasures exist abroad, they would probably be the property of the government, and thus open to the view of the people. Time must elapse, however, before we shall have public galleries filled with the rarest products of artistic genius, such as abound in the Old World.

JOTTINGS FROM PARIS.

[Correspondence of Harper's Weekly.]

Relics of the Great Siege.—A Fearful Remembrance.—The Paris Salon.—Ghosts of the Old Régime.—A Princely Whim.

Paris, *March* 29.

Paris has risen again from her ashes of siege and Commune, but at the moment of public interest in the question of amnesty the eye strays involuntarily to such grim relics of the storm as the Tuileries, the Council of State, or the Palace of the Legion of Honor, with their broken windows, roofless walls, and dismantled chambers, visible through these apertures, stripped by the tongues of flame of every embellishment. At least these ruins bear witness to misdirected zeal on the part of the Communists, to whose return M. Victor Hugo has contributed one thousand francs. The friends of the Commune must admit as much.

A stately hôtel of the Rue de Grenelle, Faubourg St. Germain, has been shunned by its owner since the reign of terror preceding the entrance of the Versailles troops. The lady in question beheld her home about to be sacrificed, because it masked the building of the telegraph, which the Commune desired to destroy. The hôtel had been anointed with petroleum from roof to cellar by the most skillful pétroleuse, and the incendiary held his torch, already kindled, when overpowered by the Versailles forces. The remembrance of the hour of peril is ever fresh in the mind of the lady, a member of one of the noblest families of France. She has retired to her château in Brittany, and refuses to visit Paris. To-day the old garden, so characteristic of the quarter, blooms for the pleasure of others; the state apartment, with its bronze statues, amber satin hangings, ebony furniture, Etruscan vases and lamps, is rented to a foreigner, while any tenant may seek a lodging in the spacious mansion, from first floor to the modest mansarde of the poet and the ouvrier.

The Parisian, irrespective of party, complains that the Paris salon has ceased to exist. The world still retains a term which combines the reunion of wit and wisdom, presided over by a charming and graceful hostess, to be found alone in the French capital. Yet the true Parisian is aware that his salon is an element of the past, to be recalled in tender musings and philosophical memories over his cigar and cup of coffee. Ostentatious display has usurped comfort; Mammon has stifled the delicate *esprit* of the salon; the last successful speculator on the Bourse, the merchant of chocolate and bonbons, the mammoth grocer, entertain their guests with the aid of hired musicians, singers of celebrity, and the recitations of favorite actors.

A French lady thoroughly versed in her world has written: "To-day when one attends routs, when each evening brings a new piece at the theatre to applaud, when one willingly waits for three hours in a file of carriages before arriving at the ball, the voluntary obligation of remaining at home, necessary to form a salon, is not understood. To remain at home! What insupportable slavery for a woman! This slavery consisted in listening to the most spirituelle talkers of the world."

Where can now be found the salon described by Henri Heine when he first visited Paris? "That which strikes me most are the different elements composing a Paris salon," he wrote. "Often in traversing the rooms I imagine myself in the shop of a merchant of antiquities on the Quai Voltaire, where the relics of all epochs jostle each other: a Greek Apollo beside a Chinese idol; a Mexican god beside a Gothic Christ; Egyptian monsters with the heads of dogs; grotesque objects in wood, ivory, and brass. Thus I perceive in the same salon ancient musketeers who danced with Marie Antoinette, republicans once adored by the National Assembly, ancient partisans of the Directoire, familiar frequenters of the Luxembourg, grand dignitaries of the Empire, all these old gods dilapidated of whom nobody thinks any more. These men live in peace, like the antiquities of the shop on the Quai Voltaire. The desire to please is so great at Paris that it compels one not only to be agreeable to one's friends, but to one's enemies." Such were the impressions of the German poet when he arrived in Paris many years ago, anticipating that the people he encountered in the street would speak like the birds and beasts of La Fontaine's fables, his first French literature.

Our Parisian recalls other souvenirs, however, than the odd specimens in humanity of the bric-à-brac shop. In imagination he haunts the salon of Madame De Staël, divided into three epochs—that of the Revolution, that of the Consulate, and that of the Restoration. Here he meets Barnave, Portalis, Roederer, Talleyrand, and Benjamin Constant. He hears the hostess solicit of Barras, member of the Directoire, favor for some victim of the Revolution, so that each visit costs this gentleman a good action. Ghosts of the old *régime* and ghosts of the Revolution meet and mingle—now become as perishable as the smoke of his cigar—Camille Jordan, Duci, or Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angély. He listens to the piquant recitals of the Chevalier De Boufflers, veiling often profound words in refined mockery. He is dazzled by the repartees of M. De Chauvelin. Again, M. Devaines proclaims Madame De Staël an excellent woman, who likes to drown her friends in order that she may enjoy the pastime of fishing for them with a line. Again, Napoleon grumblingly characterizes her salon as a club. Once more the Duke of Wellington is received—a noble and dignified figure, and speaking a "foreigner's French." The tiresome Abbé De Pradt tackles him on military matters, to the horror of the company. The hero is annoyed; gentle Madame Récamier frowns in her corner. The hostess finally interposes with,

"Is it true that your Lord Chancellor kneels when he speaks to the King, before Parliament?"

"It is true, madame."

"How?"

"On his knees, as I have said."

"But how?"

"You wish to know?" and the Duke kneels before the French Corinne.

"Would that all the world might see it!" she exclaims.

The Parisian turns to another phase of society. Where is he to find the salon of the actress? Those of Mademoiselle Tuinault and of Mademoiselle Lecouvreur brought together the best people of their time. The studio of the æsthetic and eccentric Sarah Bernhardt is the substitute of our day, but the Parisian does not accept her as a specimen of his type either in birth, name, or physiognomy. The boudoir of the modern actress does not replace the salon of Mademoiselle Contat, established by her when she emerged from the prison of the Madelonnettes. This actress, charming in conversation, with grand manners, was respected by ladies, and elected queen of billet writers, such was her graceful facility in this feminine accomplishment. The fashion was antique, as absolutely as to-day the Oriental has banished the Gothic, Rococo, or Renaissance from the drawing-room. The salon of Mademoiselle Contat was an atrium; her fauteuils, curule chairs; her robes, tunics; her shoes, *en cothurnes;* and her guitar, a lyre. The gallantry and gayety of the court met here—the Vicomte de Ségur, Count Louis de Narbonne, the Marquis de Jancourt; while young dramatists, now forgotten, dreamed of placing their works beside *Atala, Réné, Christophe Colombe*, or the *Malade Imaginaire.* Two charming women were especially remarkable—Mademoiselle Mars, in her first bloom, generously welcomed by the hostess, and Madame Lebrun, the artist, witty, beautiful, and accomplished, who infused much of the poetry of her own nature into her work. Madame Lebrun, whose face still charms the visitor of the Uffizi gallery at Florence, the girlish head framed in a white turban, so often copied, had been banished from France for painting the portrait of Marie Antoinette.

The amusing scene of the supper table is once more enacted by this sparkling company, which reveals Mademoiselle Contat as susceptible to professional jealousy, despite her admiration for Mademoiselle Mars. Florence, the manager of the Comédie Française, comes to supplicate that she will play in the *Misanthrope*, as Talma is too ill to appear as Mantius. Mademoiselle Contat refuses. Then the manager must solicit Madame Petit, who is indisposed. The hostess bounds at the name of this rival. The company repress a smile, and urge her to relent, thus aiding the wily manager, who is used to the caprices of leading ladies. Mademoiselle Contat frowns, smiles, believes it would be wrong to compel a sick woman to act, and yields with her grandest tragic manner.

These stars have all waned. Madame Sophie Gay no longer claims Balzac and the great minds of her day in her circle, defying the keen sarcasms of Napoleon with subtle feminine wit. The Countess Merlin no longer gathers in her musical realm Malibran, Rossini, Sontag, and the daughters of noble families taught to sing by Bordogni, Bertini, or Labarre.

Paris is changed, and the Parisian may well sigh for these vanished graces of society. A Turkish pasha, transporting with him to the Rue de la Paix the luxury of the Orient, will not replace them any more than the wealthy South American, or the most extravagant Russian prince, each intoxicated with the splendor and dissipation of the capital. The fatal facility with which debt can be contracted is also another phase of the Paris of our day. The fine equipage, apartment, and dress too often belong to establishments like that of the Baron and Baroness in Daudet's *Nabob*, held together with pins.

That unrivalled open-air drawing-room, the Champs Élysées, remains unchanged. In no other city can the same elements be found as here. The sun shines, the fountains play, the Arc de Triomphe rises against a pale blue sky at one extremity, while in the opposite direction the obelisk of Luxor is outlined against the gray fringe of trees in the Tuileries garden. Groups of equestrians and equipages line the thoroughfare, pedestrians throng the pavement, beautiful children, robust bonnes, their rose-colored cap ribbons harmonizing with the pink silk garments of their charges, ladies in seal-skin cloaks, fine as silk, and bordered with sable—all smile, observe, and linger in the sunshine, ready to discover amusement in each other. The most eccentric figures of diverse nationalities pass each other—old men in shabby attire, with the aspect of students, and old ladies of the sisterhood of Miss Flites, whose bonnets and quaint mantles might have been designed by Cruikshank. This is the salon left dismantled Paris, the Champs Élysées on a sunny afternoon, with the whole civilized world and the remote East for its guests, while the city plays the smiling hostess. Artemis.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday,	4.—Third Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	11.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	18.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday,	22.—Ascension-day.
Sunday,	25.—Sunday after Ascension.

Nothing could be more sensible than Mr. **William E. Dodge**'s hearty approval of the "New York Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation." This association is thoroughly practical in its aims, and tries to reach men of all opinions in regard to the practice of drinking. It offers to members the choice of four pledges. The first, or red pledge, binds the signer to total abstinence; the second, or white pledge, is an obligation not to drink during business hours; the blue is a pledge not to treat at public bars; the fourth, or the red, white, and blue, limits the signer to beer and wine, and these only during meals. Mr. **Dodge**, who has been a pronounced total abstainer for many years, and is now president of the National Temperance Society, welcomes these business men as co-operators in the work of reformation. When such men take up the task of giving a check to the almost unlimited drinking now prevalent, we may hope for some change in the social habits of that great number of Americans who are outside of church obligations. If the pernicious habit of treating at public bars could be abolished, a considerable part of American life would be revolutionized.

There is no reason why the members of the new society should disparage the work already accomplished by the temperance reformers. It has been simply immense. Mr. **Dodge**'s account of it is not in the least exaggerated. Fifty years ago, he says, "there was hardly a family of any standing that sat down to dine without some kind of intoxicating drink on the table. Men were hardly expected to work on the farm or in the shop without their regular allowance. It was kept in every country store, was used at all public gatherings, and was passed among the attendants at funerals." All this has disappeared. Mr. **Dodge** has seen the change with his own eyes, and has contributed largely to its accomplishment.

Dr. **Lorimer**, the popular pastor of the Baptist congregation worshipping in the Boston Temple, has resigned, and his resignation has been accepted. He will go to Chicago. Among the reasons assigned by him for the change is the precarious state of his health for the last eighteen months.

Mr. **Ira D. Sankey**, the associate of Mr. **Moody**, will return home this spring. He speaks most favorably of the permanence of the work done in England five years ago. "It stands," he says, "the test of time."

The bill for the reorganization of public education in France, introduced by M. **Jules Ferry**, proposes to undo much that was done by the acts of 1875. It will, if carried, take away the name of university from all institutions not under the control of the state. This would be a heavy blow to the new Catholic universities. It also forbids the members of religious communities not recognized by the state to teach, and would thus exclude the Jesuits, who have no state recognition. The Jesuits have now in France and Algeria twenty-seven colleges, with 848 teachers.

Father **Hyacinthe** continues to preach to large audiences—so large, indeed, that many persons are unable to obtain admission. No more is said in the Paris papers of the irreverent conduct of his hearers. He has issued a little book in which the doctrines of the Church which he aspires to found are set forth. They are: (1) The rejection of the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope; (2) the election of bishops by the clergy and the people jointly; (3) the reading of the Bible and the liturgy in the vernacular of the worshippers; (4) the concession of the liberty of marriage to priests; (5) liberty and morality of confession. What is meant by the last point is difficult without the book itself to determine.

The Cremation Society of England has met with a serious check. The Home Secretary, Mr. **Cross**, has refused his sanction to its proceedings. He will not, therefore, permit the practice of cremation either at the society's works, "now in progress at Woking, or elsewhere, until a general or special act of Parliament shall have been obtained sanctioning it." If the society persists, he will test the legality of cremation "in a court of law, or apply to Parliament for an act to prohibit it, until Parliament has had an opportunity of considering the whole subject." The objection to cremation that in many cases of murder it will defeat the ends of justice, is urged by the Secretary with great force.

Dr. **M'Cosh**, the president of Princeton College, has published a paper in which he declares his conviction that there will be in a few years a dearth of Presbyterian ministers. He says: "The evil is not to be met by calling into active service the preachers who, from a variety of causes, have virtually retired from pastoral work, or have never entered on it." One reason of the dearth of ministers is, no doubt, inadequate support. No American Church has an adequate sustentation fund. "In the Free Church of Scotland," to quote further—"in the United Presbyterian, in the English Presbyterian, in the Irish and Australian Churches, there is a sustentation fund, and the minimum stipend is equal to $1000 a year; in Australia, which is not so rich a country as America, it is $1500 a year." The question of ministerial support is becoming a serious one in other Churches than the American Presbyterian.

The relations of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States to the "Church of Jesus" in Mexico were well set forth in a recent address by Bishop **Bedell**. The Church in Mexico will retain its independence; consecration will be given to its bishops whenever its liturgy has been approved; and in examining this liturgy conformity to the principles of the Anglican Prayer-book, rather than to its details, will be required. The Protestant Episcopal League, organized to aid the "Church of Jesus," reports for the year 1878 receipts to the amount of $18,824.

A great advance in the treatment of the problem of intemperance has been made in a report of a select committee of the British House of Lords. They have investigated the questions before them with more thoroughness than has ever before been attained by a committee of Parliament. The statistics presented are very important. They show that there is one drinking place to every 238 of the population of England; that in 1872 the consumption of alcoholic liquors was fifty-two per cent. more for each inhabitant than in 1860; and that the convictions for drunkenness have risen from 88,361 in 1860 to 203,789 in 1876. With the increased consumption of alcoholic drinks there has also been an increased consumption of tea and coffee in the period named. The cost of the liquors consumed has risen from £2 18*s.* 6½*d.* per inhabitant in 1860 to £4 9*s.* 0¾*d.* per head in 1876.

From the politico-economical point of view this is a fearful waste of the resources of England. As competition in manufactures between all the foremost nations is now very close, the condition of the working-classes in any one of them becomes a question of moment. In inquiring for remedies the Lords' committee condemn the Permissive Bill now before Parliament; they, however, recommend the Gothenburg system. This the city of Birmingham is ready to adopt, and only waits for the necessary authorization. Under the Gothenburg plan the local government assumes the liquor-selling business, regulates the number of public-houses, and aims to administer them so as to prevent all abuses. With regard to Sunday closing the committee suggest a compromise; they would greatly limit the hours given to selling on that day. Thus with painful slowness the public conscience of England is ripening for a resolute grapple with intemperance.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Loan exhibitions have never wavered in popularity since New York's grand success during the Centennial summer. They have been held in many cities for the benefit of most worthy objects, and have embraced the widest variety of articles. Not long ago there was a large loan collection exhibited at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, for the benefit of the public library. Albany has had a successful exhibition of this kind, for the benefit of the city hospital. And now a loan collection of rare, curious, and antique articles is opened in Springfield, Massachusetts, the profits of which are to be devoted to two worthy charities—the relief fund of the Grand Army, and the erection of a boarding-house for young women by the Women's Christian Association. It is singular to note how many quaint and curious relics, long hidden from public and perchance from private view, are drawn forth from secret receptacles most willingly when a call is made for them; for owners of old relics are usually fond of having their treasures seen by appreciative eyes. The Springfield Loan Exhibition includes a long list of valuable articles, among which the department of old books and manuscripts is very full. One of the greatest curiosities is a manuscript copy of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, seventeen hundred pages, written in old Latin about 1440. The ink is as black as if just written, and some of the pages are beautifully illuminated. Another unique volume, with a long title, is by William Pynchon, founder of Springfield, and was printed in 1650. New England is full of antique oddities—relics which "came over in the *Mayflower*," reminiscences of the Revolution, heirlooms that have descended through many generations, old china and jewels, carefully preserved garments of centuries ago, and strangely carved pieces of furniture; and the long list of these which appears in the catalogue of the Springfield exhibition indicates ancient treasures which have hitherto been unrevealed to the public.

Töplitz, the famous Austrian watering-place, whose thermal springs suddenly stopped flowing last February, is situated not far from the northern boundary of Bohemia, near the mountain range called Erzgebirge. Within sixteen miles of Töplitz there are about ninety coal-pits. On February 10 some miners in the deepest part of the Döllinger colliery struck a water vein, and by the sudden influx of water twenty-three lives were lost. Three days afterward the level of the hot springs began to sink, and within a week the ordinary wells for drinking-water near Töplitz became dry. The chief support of the inhabitants of Töplitz—not far from 12,000 in number—was derived from the hot springs, whose medicinal virtues drew thither multitudes from all parts of the world. The sinking of a shaft for the recovery of the waters was begun almost immediately, although the success of this measure was doubtful.

Arrangements are in progress to try the experiment of illuminating the Post-office by the electric light. If successful, this experiment will result in an important curtailment of expenses, as well as throw extra light upon the postal business.

Many persons in this city are suffering with inflammation of the eyes; indeed, the trouble is almost epidemic. Are not our exceedingly dirty and dusty streets responsible for this disease? The high spring winds have scattered the poisonous dust every where, not sparing the delicate tissues of the eye. And then ophthalmia is unfortunately very contagious, and its severity is modified only by the most scrupulous care and cleanliness.

The trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, we are informed, intend to make an effort to secure the Avery collection of porcelains for the Museum.

On May 1 the Mercantile Library of New York intends to transfer its down-town office to Nos. 59, 60, and 61 Liberty Street. There, also, will be a spacious, well-lighted reading-room and library. It is the intention to connect this down-town office with the main library in Clinton Place by telephone, so that when any book desired is not at Liberty Street, it may be ordered from Clinton Place, and delivered in a short time.

Trains on the New York Elevated Road are now expected to run every fifteen minutes during the night, between the Battery and Harlem.

During her visit in Italy, Queen Victoria, with the Princess Beatrice, occupied a beautiful villa at Baveno, which belongs to Mr. Charles Henfrey, a great English railway contractor. He is wealthy, and when he found his luxurious house was desired for the Queen, refusing to let it, he gave her the free use of it. The views around it are charming, and in every respect "Villa Clara" is a residence well fitted for royalty.

The little Prince Waldemar of Prussia, who recently died of heart-disease, was only eleven years old. From infancy he had been a delicate child, never giving promise of outgrowing the heart-disease from which he suffered. He held the rank of lieutenant in the Imperial Guards, and was fond of mingling with the soldiers at Potsdam, not far from the palacein which his father, the Crown Prince, resided.

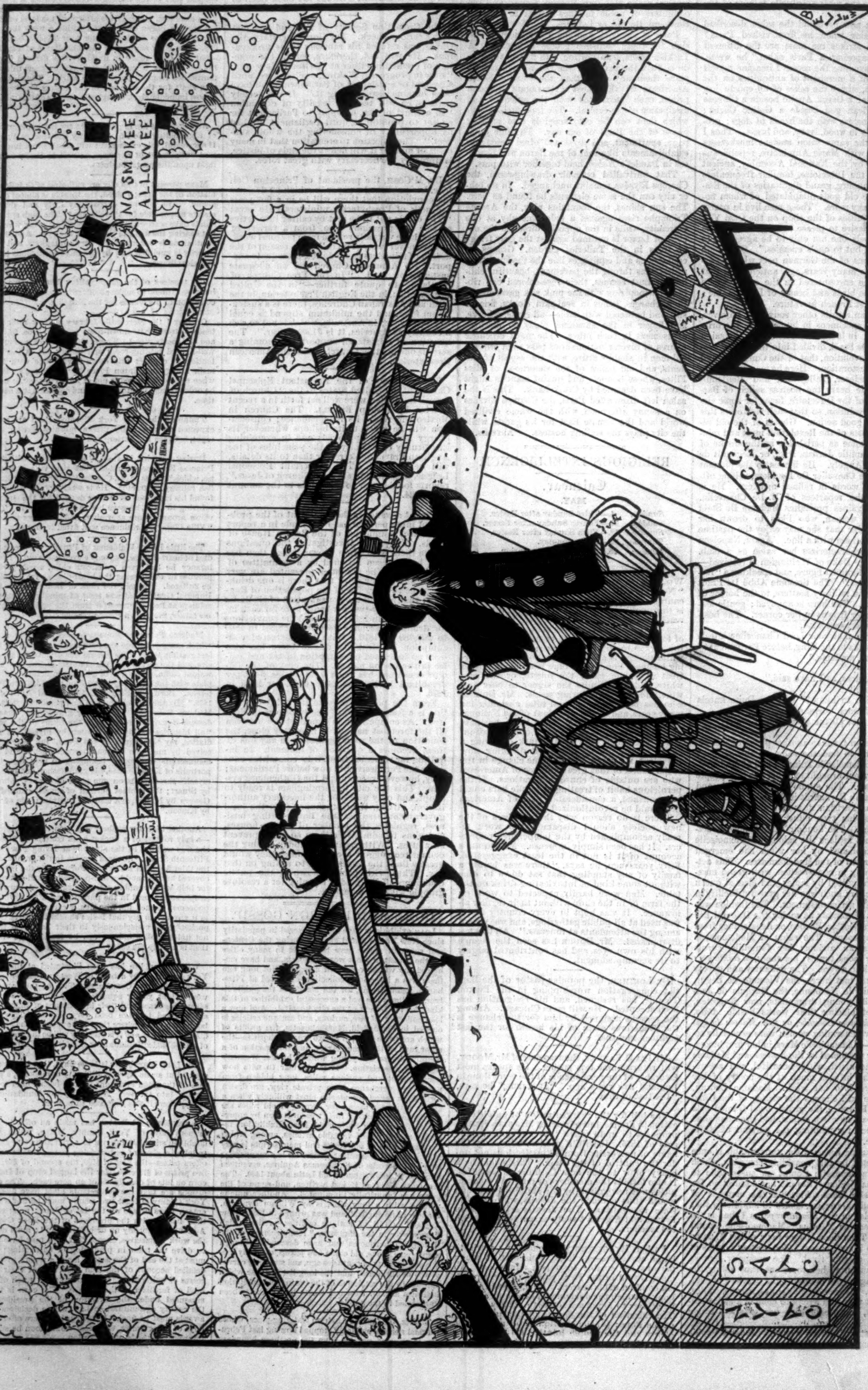
Madame Patterson Bonaparte was buried in a lot which many years ago she purchased expressly for her last resting-place. The funeral was private, by her desire, and the services of the simplest character. The walnut coffin, covered with a black cloth, bore a silver plate with the following inscription: "Elizabeth Patterson. Born 6th February, 1785. Died April 4th, 1879." By the will all the real and personal estate of Madame Bonaparte goes to her grandsons. Charles Joseph Bonaparte receives, in the terms of the will, "all histories of my life written by myself, all my diaries, my 'Dialogues of the Dead,' the letters received by me from various correspondents, and all manuscripts whatsoever belonging to me; also, the portraits of King Jerome, his grandfather, and that of myself—three heads on one piece of canvas, painted by Stuart; the cabinet portrait of myself painted at Geneva by Massot, and also the portrait made of me by Kinson."

Another highway robbery has occurred in this city—a lady robbed of a pocket-book containing $160 as she was walking in the street near Irving Place and Fifteenth Street. She was thrown to the ground, and the thief fled with his prize. Fortunately the lady recovered her feet and her self-possession, and screamed for help while running after the ruffian. A crowd of people soon joined in the pursuit, and after a while a policeman turned up, who finally captured the thief. Is it any use to say that ladies should not carry their pocket-books conspicuously in their hands—at least not unless police officers can be found more easily than is usually the case?

Wild Indian life has been illustrated at the New York Aquarium by a band of Western Indians—nine Iroquois and two Comanches. Two of the Iroquois were bright young squaws. They all wore superb savage costumes, and their illustrations of Indian life are believed to have been very genuine. They are bound for Paris, where they will appear at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, and it is said they will be the first band of pure-blooded Indians ever exhibited in Europe.

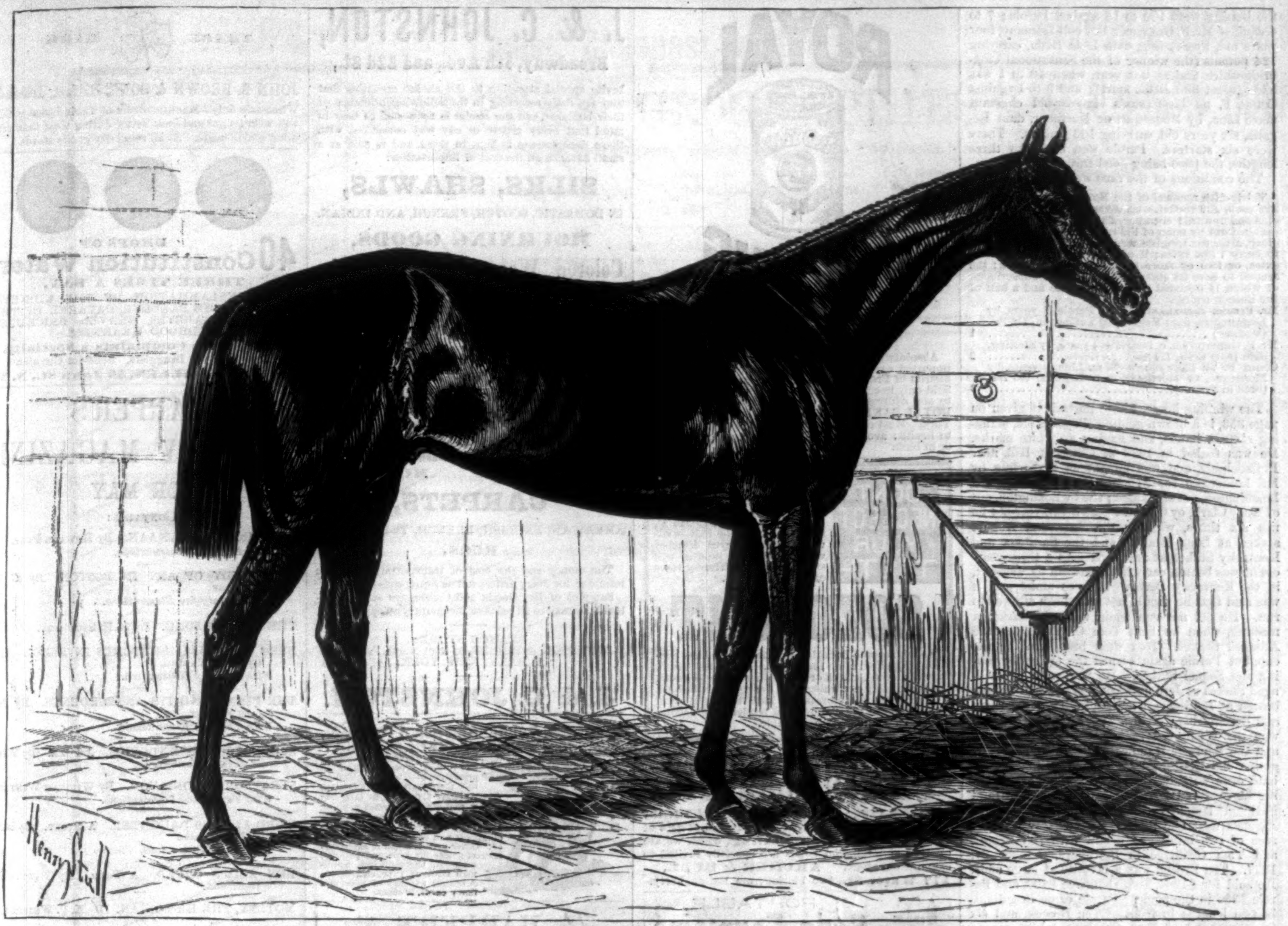
The Long Branch pier is to be built, they say, at any cost. But an unexpected difficulty is reported, a portion of the huge structure having been found to be sinking into the sea. Apparently the foundation is sandy, where it was supposed to be firm.

A gentleman of Boston has made an offer to the farmers' boys of York County, Maine, which will doubtless stimulate interest in agriculture, and aid in training a class of enterprising young farmers. He offers prizes—the first of $100, the second of $50, and five prizes of $10 each—for the largest crop of Indian corn on lots of one-eighth of an acre each. The conditions are that the contestants must have lived in York County at least two years; must be under seventeen years of age on the 1st of June; must enter their names with the president of the York County Agricultural Society on or before May 1; must do all the work themselves, except that they may have help to drive the team in ploughing or cultivating; and must at the end of the season make a report, giving a detailed account of the land used, and of their processes of cultivation. They may use as much of any kind of fertilizer as they please. The corn is to be measured under the direction of the president of the county agricultural society, whose decisions and awards must be final. If such prizes were offered to boys of other States, the effect would soon be seen in improved methods of cultivation.


NO SMOKEE ALLOWEE
NO SMOKEE ALLOWEE

MELICAN MAN ALLEE CLAZEE, ALLEE WALKEE, ALLEE LUNNEE.

[*Copied from a Cartoon in a Recent Number of the "Pekin Illustrated Weekly."*]



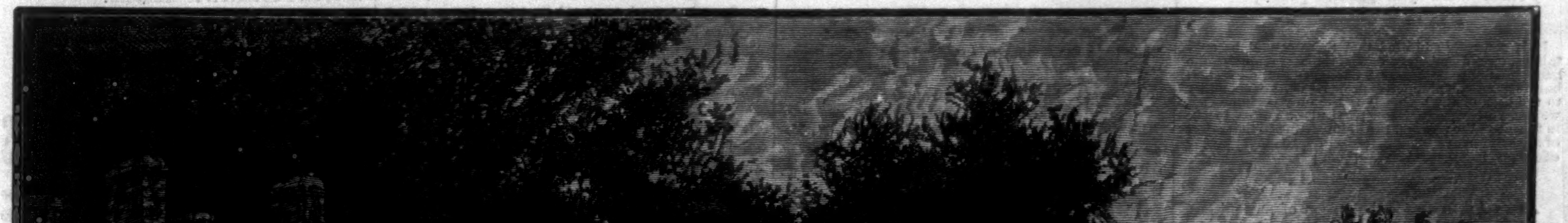
"PAROLE"—THE AMERICAN WINNER OF THE NEWMARKET HANDICAP.—Drawn by H. Stull.

THE ACADEMY.

Our selection from the Exhibition this week is a fine historical composition by Wordsworth Thompson, whose picture, numbered 320, hangs in the South Room. The artist goes back to our Revolutionary period for his subject. He depicts a stately Virginia mansion, "all of the olden time," from which a band of patriots are preparing to take their departure to join the army in the North. He calls it an episode of life in Virginia one hundred years ago; and so far as we know that life through book and tradition, he has succeeded admirably in reproducing its characteristics. His picture is very attractive, both as regards composition and color.

THE WINNER OF THE RACE.

The news of the victory won on English ground by Mr. Pierre Lorillard's famous little gelding Parole was received in this country with great satisfaction. This was the first race of the American stable in England, and a triumph, to begin with, that was encouraging in the face of all the stories that have been circulated recently about the horse being amiss, and which were kept afloat up to the last moment about his having pulled up lame in his exercise. Forty to one was quoted against him by the English sporting men for the City and Suburban, the day before, but nothing was said about the odds for the present race. At the last moment, however, the quotations in



"THE DEPARTURE."—Wordsworth Thompson

the betting were 100 to 15 against Parole; 7 to 4 against Mr. F. GRETTON's bay colt Isonomy, four years old, by Sterling, dam Isola Bella, carrying 124 pounds (the winner of the Sensational Cambridgeshire Stakes last year, when 40 to 1 was laid against him at the start); and 9 to 1 against Count F. DE LAGRANGE's six-year-old chestnut mare Lina, by Monarque, or Mortimer, dam Regalia, six years old, carrying 106 pounds. There were six starters. Parole won easily by three lengths, the pace being good throughout.

The conditions of the race were as follows:

Thirty-fifth renewal of the Newmarket Handicap at £25 each, £10 forfeit, with £400 added for three-year-olds and upward; entrance, £3 each, the only forfeit if declared out by noon of February 4; winners of a handicap, after the weights were published (January 30), to carry 7 lbs. extra; if of the value of £500, 10 lbs. extra, or two or more handicaps, 14 lbs. extra; the second to save its stake; closed with 38 subscribers, of which 14 declared forfeit; last mile and a half of the Beacon course.

Mr. PIERRE LORILLARD's br. g. Parole, 6 years, by Leamington, dam Maiden, by Lexington, 116 lbs. (MORBEY) 1
Mr. F. GRETTON's b. c. Isonomy, 4 years, by Sterling, dam Isola Bella, 124 lbs. 2
Count F. DE LAGRANGE's ch. m. Lina, 6 years, by Monarque, or Mortimer, dam Regalia, 106 lbs. (bred in France) 3

The winning horse, whose portrait is given on page 353, is a brown gelding six years old, standing sixteen hands, and having no white marks. He was foaled in 1873 at Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia, and was bought as a yearling by Mr. LORILLARD for $1000. He is by imported Leamington, out of Maiden; she by Lexington, out of Kitty Clark, by Glencoe. As a two-year-old he ran six times, winning the July and August stakes at Long Branch, and the Saratoga and Kentucky Stakes at Saratoga. As a three-year-old he was beaten early in the season by Vagrant, in the Kentucky Derby. He was amiss, and it was said that he should not have been allowed to run. He did not run again until the Saratoga meeting, when he beat Tom Ochiltree for the All-aged Stakes. Tom then beat him for the cup, but Parole again turned the tables by taking the Sequel Stakes. He next won the All-aged Stakes at Jerome Park. After that he was beaten at Baltimore by Vigil, both for the Dixie and Breckinridge stakes. As a four-year-old he won the Woodburn Stakes, the Saratoga Cup, and the Summer Handicap. He also beat Virginius and Glasgow in a dash of a mile and a half, even weights. At the Jerome Park meeting he captured the Maturity Stakes, the Grand National Handicap, and the All-aged Stakes. Parole's next and most famous victory was the race of two miles and a half with Ten Broeck and Tom Ochiltree in Baltimore, October 24, 1877. Ten Broeck was a favorite at large odds. He sold for $1200, Tom Ochiltree $400, and Parole $335 in the pools. Parole came in gallantly two lengths in front of Ten Broeck, and six lengths ahead of Tom Ochiltree. Last season Parole ran ten races, winning eight, including the Baltimore, Monmouth, and Saratoga cups.

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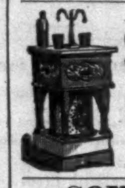

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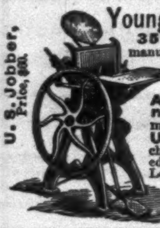

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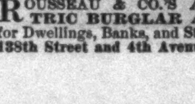

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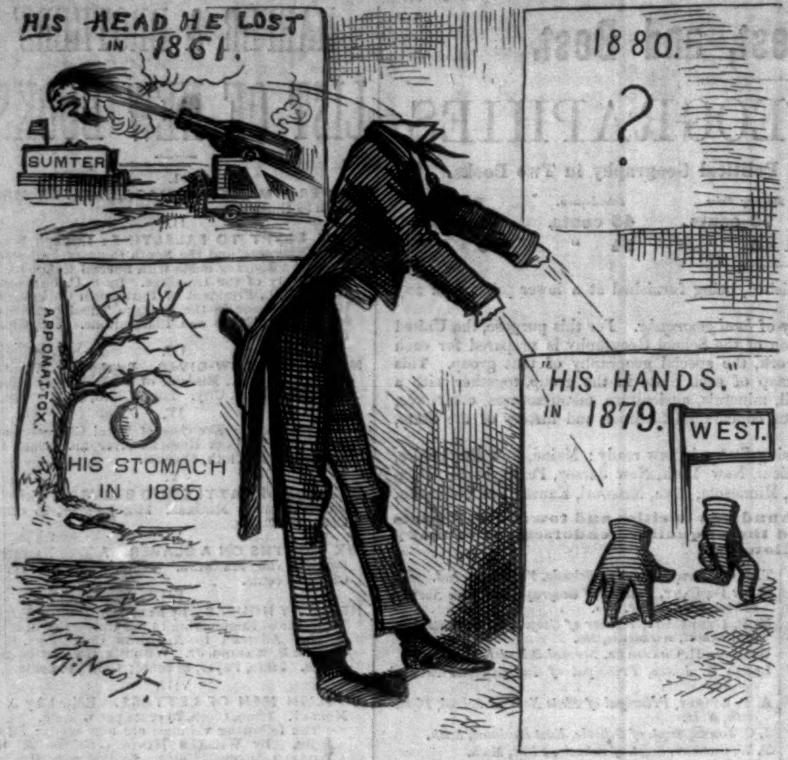

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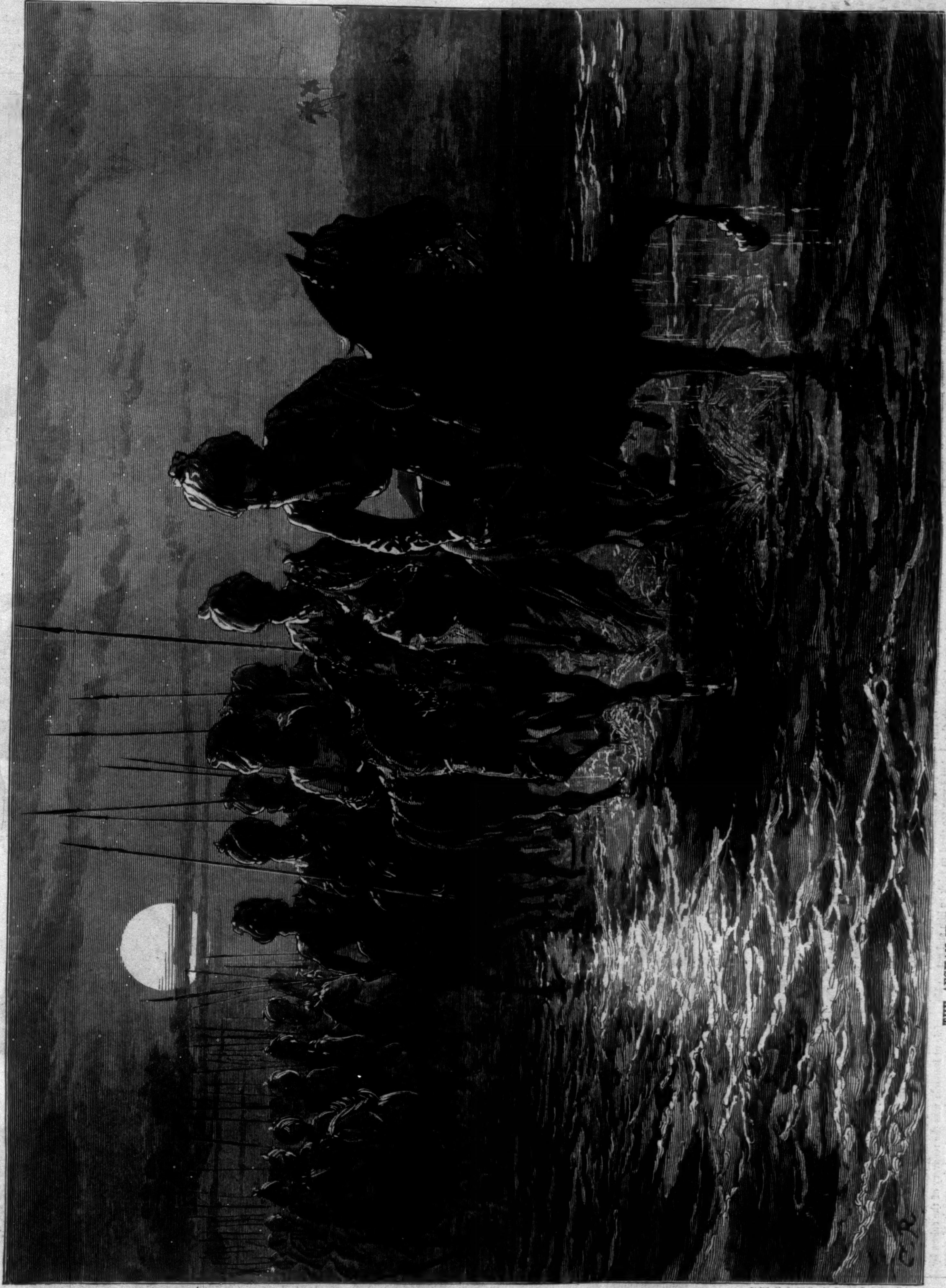


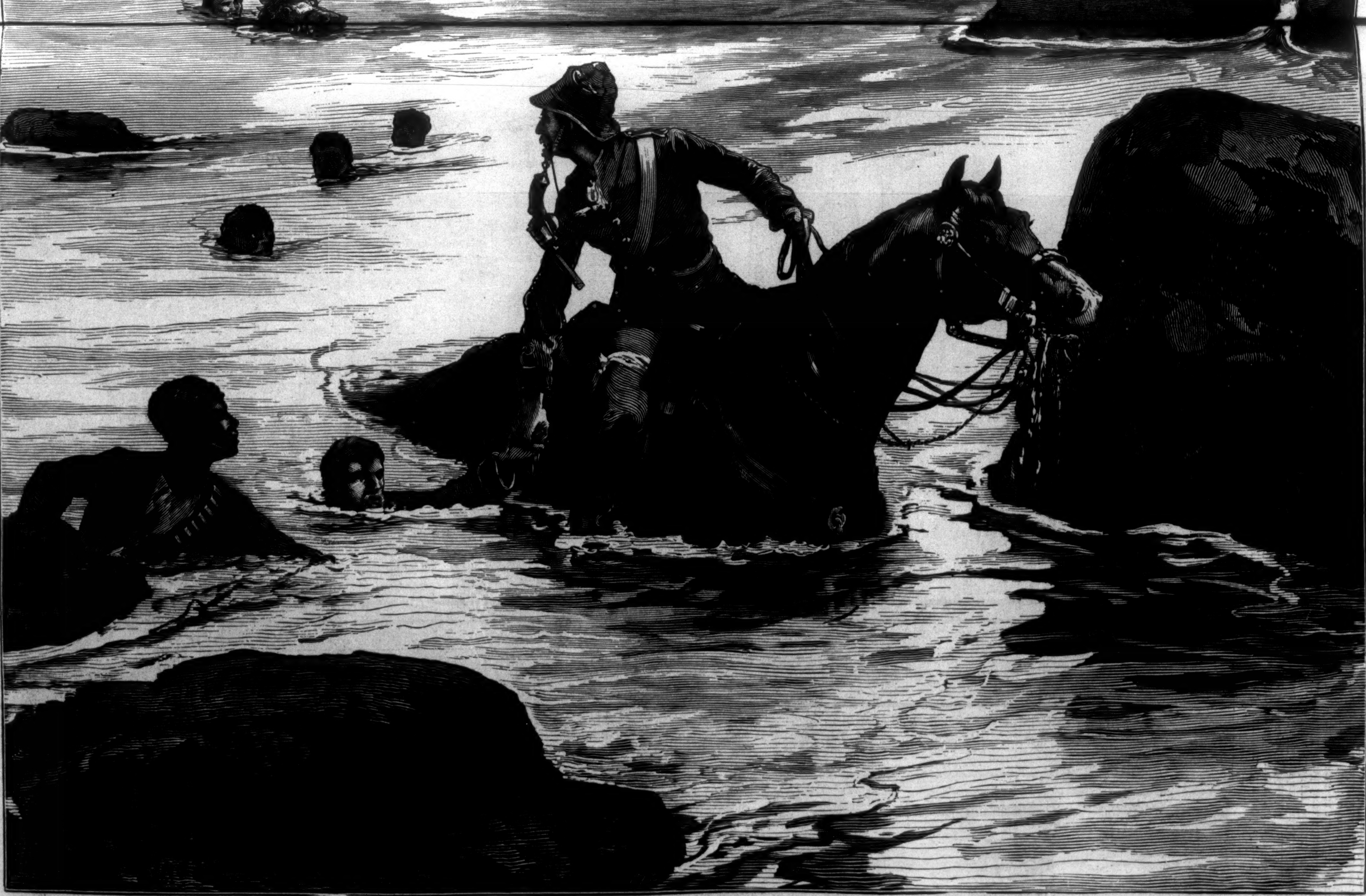
THE AFGHAN WAR—A RAID AGAINST THE MOMUNDS—THE ELEVENTH BENGAL LANCERS CROSSING THE KUNAR RIVER.

ENGLAND'S EASTERN TROUBLES.

The above engraving has reference to an abortive attempt on the part of the English to bring to bay certain of their Afghan enemies, known as Momunds, who infest the neighborhood of the Khyber Pass. During the latter part of January rumors of Momund gatherings were the cause of great excitement along the whole line from Dakka to Jelalabad. Some of the Momund leaders were known to have feuds among themselves; but it was also known that Yakoob Khan, successor to Shere Ali, had been exciting them to a *Jehad*, or religious crusade, against the British, and the numbers assembled were stated by friendly natives and spies, with the usual Afghan exaggeration, to be in the neighborhood of 12,000. Major Battye, patrolling with the Guides cavalry near Chardeh, on the 6th of February, saw between 4000 and 5000 men collected on the northern, or opposite, bank of the Cabool River, and it appeared that on that day or evening the enemy had attacked the Maya villages on the north bank of the river, occupied by a small body of friendly Momunds under Akbar Khan. The attacking party were repulsed, with fourteen killed, while Akbar Khan lost his own son and several men in the defense.

This news determined the English to send out an expedition for the purpose of dispersing the Momunds. Early on the morning of the next day, February 7, a strong force marched from Jelalabad, under General Macpherson, and crossed the river to attack the enemy, another force marching at the same time from Basawal, under General Tytler, toward Chardeh, to co-operate with Macpherson. The *locale* of the Momunds' strongest position was known to be in the south-east corner of the Jelalabad Valley, that is, opposite to Girdi Kas, where the Cabool River flows out to Chardeh. This part of the valley is known as Kamah. A small force, accompanied by a couple of guns, was sent on observation down the right bank of the river, to be ready in case the Momunds should make an attempt to retreat in that direction. The cavalry were ordered to push forward, so as to get in, if possible, between the Momunds and the hills, and thus cut them off from their retreat. For this purpose a plunge was made into the Kunar River by the Eleventh Bengal Lancers, as depicted in our engraving. This small stream is one of the most important in the vicinity of the Khyber. It flows down from a point close to the great Pamir steppe and Bam-i-Duniah, or "Roof of the World," bringing with it a large portion of the drainage of the Hindoo Coosh and the mountains of Kafirstan. It is one of the proposed lines of the new frontier, which, it is said, ought to go from Jelalabad to Chittral by this river, and still onward by the same line to Cashmere.

The troops were no sooner across the river than Major Cavagnari appeared with Khalu Khan, the chief of Basoot. The latter district being divided from Kamah by the Kunar River, the English were not in his territory; but being a near and friendly neighbor, he is usually of great service in gathering information. As the troops passed, the people of the villages came out, and seemed to be in a state of great excitement. After traversing some miles of well-cultivated ground, the order was passed to the Goorkhas,

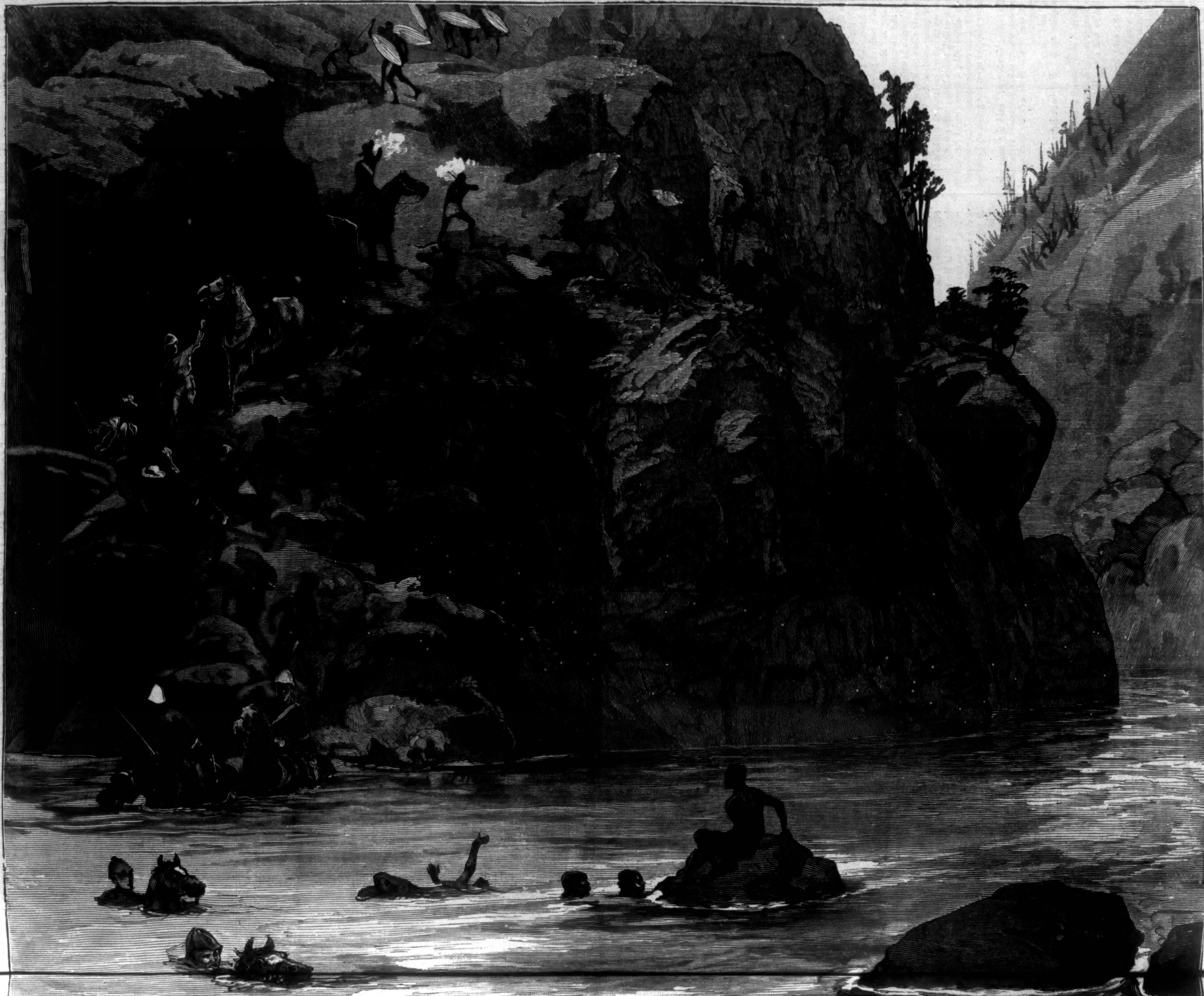


THE ZULU WAR—RETREAT OF FUGITIVES FROM ISANDULA ACROSS THE BUFFALO RIVER.
From a Sketch by Lieutenant W. W. Lloyd, Twenty-fourth Regiment, and Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien, Ninety-fifth Regiment.

who were leading, to seek cover as soon as they went out beyond the nearest village. About the same time it was discovered that a ridge of hills which runs into the plain in this vicinity was filled with the enemy. The cavalry had kept close in toward the hills, and shots were being exchanged. The infantry and mountain battery pushed on to the south side of the projecting ridge, while a few of the Twentieth Punjab Infantry began to scale its crest. As they ascended, the Momunds retired, a heavy fire being opened upon them from a commanding point. While this was going on, the small guns were got ready for action, and a few shells soon dispersed them. There were, however, a few Momunds still visible on a point higher up, and a second shell, also very well pointed, startled them into the conviction that they were not out of danger, and they disappeared. Thus the proposed attack of the English resulted in the flight of their enemies, but not in any thing like victory; neither was it productive of any good result, the Momunds simply retiring to their mountain fastnesses.

Our double-page engraving carries us to Zululand, and once more we are upon the scene of the terrible slaughter at Isandula, the details of which have already been given in the *Weekly*. After the desperate combat a scene of utter confusion seems to have ensued, horse and foot, black and white, English and Zulu, all in a struggling mass making their way gradually through the camp toward the road where the Zulus already closed the way of escape. Of what happened during that half hour even those who lived to tell can remember but little. Every man who had a horse attempted to escape toward the Buffalo River; those who had none died where they stood. One of the few saved was Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien, who was the transport officer with Colonel Glyn's column, and had been sent that morning by Lord Chelmsford with a dispatch to Colonel Durnford at Rourke's Drift, ordering him to join Colonel Pulleine at the Isandula camp. He describes the fight, and then goes on to tell of the awful rush toward the river: "The ground there down to the river was so broken that the Zulus went as fast as the horses, and kept killing all the way. There were very few white men. They were nearly all mounted niggers of ours, flying. This lasted till we came to a kind of precipice down to the river Buffalo. I jumped off, and led my horse down. There was a poor fellow of the mounted infantry (a private) struck through the arm, who said as I passed that if I could bind up his arm and stop the bleeding, he would be all right. I accordingly took out my handkerchief and tied up his arm. Just as I had done it, Major Smith, of the artillery, came down by me, wounded, saying, 'For God's sake, get on, man! the Zulus are on top of us.' I had done all I could for the wounded man, and so turned to jump on my horse. Just as I was doing so, the horse went with a bound to the bottom of the precipice, being struck with an assegai. With the strong hope that every body clings to, that some accident would turn up, I rushed off on foot, and plunged into the river, which was little better than a roaring torrent. I was being carried down the stream at a tremendous pace, when a loose horse came by me, and I got hold of his tail, and he landed me safely on the other bank, but I was too tired to stick to him and get on his back. I got up again and rushed on, and was several times knocked over by our mounted niggers, who would not even get out of my way; then up a tremendous hill, with my wet clothes and boots full of water. About twenty Zulus got over the water and followed us up over the hill, but I am thankful to say they had not their fire-arms. I was the only white man to be seen, until I came to one who had been kicked by his horse, and could not mount. I put him on his horse, and lent him my knife. He said he would catch me a horse. Directly he was up he went clear away. I struggled into Helpmakaar, about twenty miles off, at night-fall, to find a few men who had escaped (about ten or twenty), with others who had been intrenched in a wagon laager."

One of the most touching incidents of the affair at Isandula was the recovery of the colors by a little party who went out in search of them after the conflict was over. They started from the camp at Rourke's Drift, and were less than thirty in number. The downward course of the Buffalo River was followed until a crossing-place at an almost impassable drift was reached, where many brave fellows, after the carnage at Isandula, essayed to pass, and perished in the attempt. The route was strewn with dead bodies, those of natives composing the majority. At the crossing-place, Mr. Harbour, of Commandant Lonsdale's corps, succeeded in finding the "Queen's colors" of the First-Twenty-fourth, with the pole complete, injured by the action of the rapid stream, but otherwise untouched. The gilt lion and crown surmounting the pole and the color case were found by Lonsdale's men a few yards lower down.

The colors were borne back to the camp in triumph by the little cavalcade, and when Rourke's Drift was reached, the soldiers left their dinners, or whatever occupation they were engaged upon, overjoyed at the sight of the lost flag regained.